



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

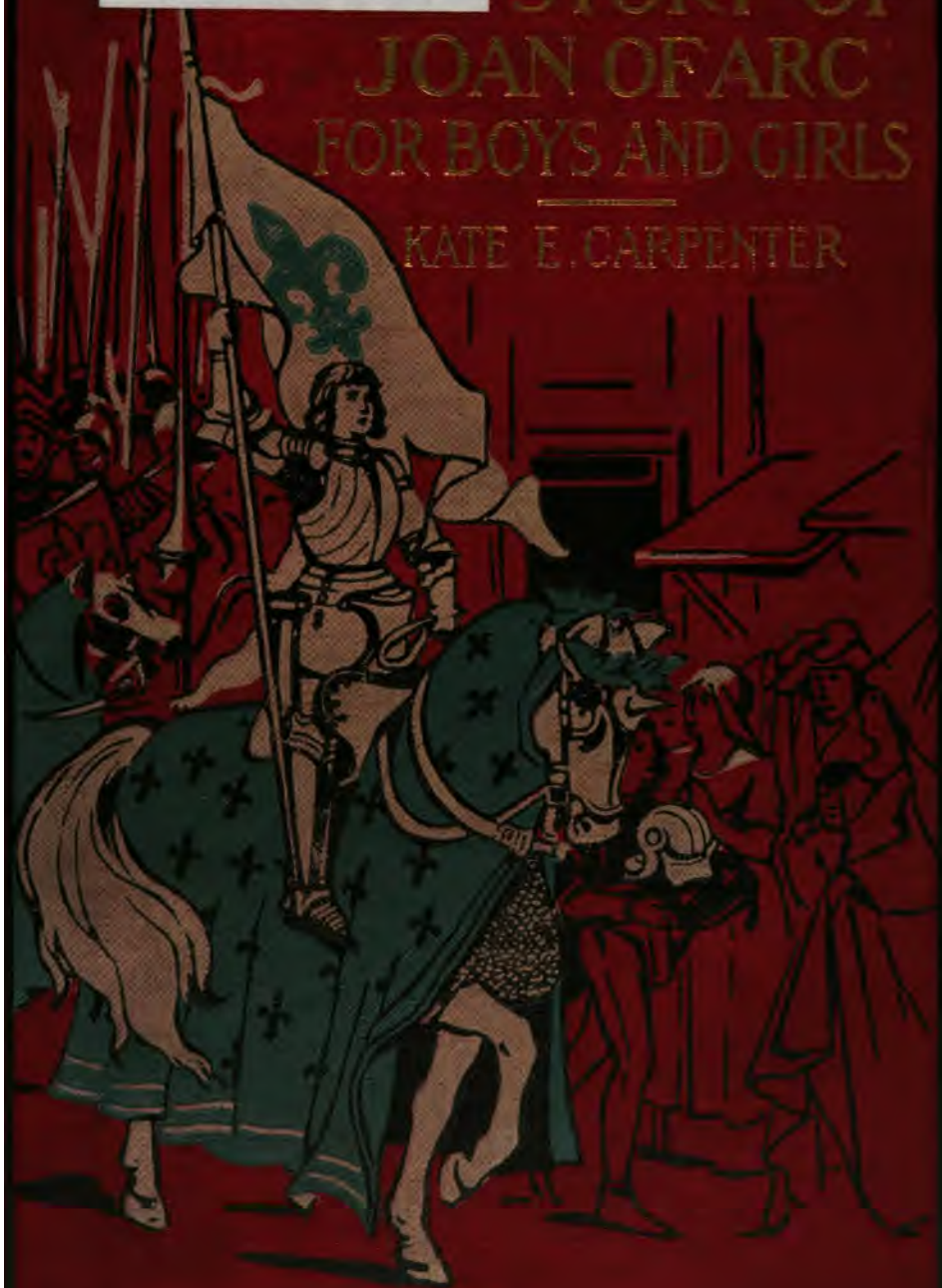
NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



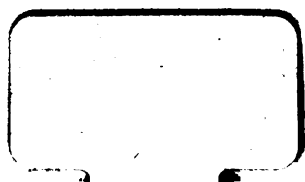
3 3433 07138663 9

# STORY OF JOAN OF ARC FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

KATE E. CARPENTER

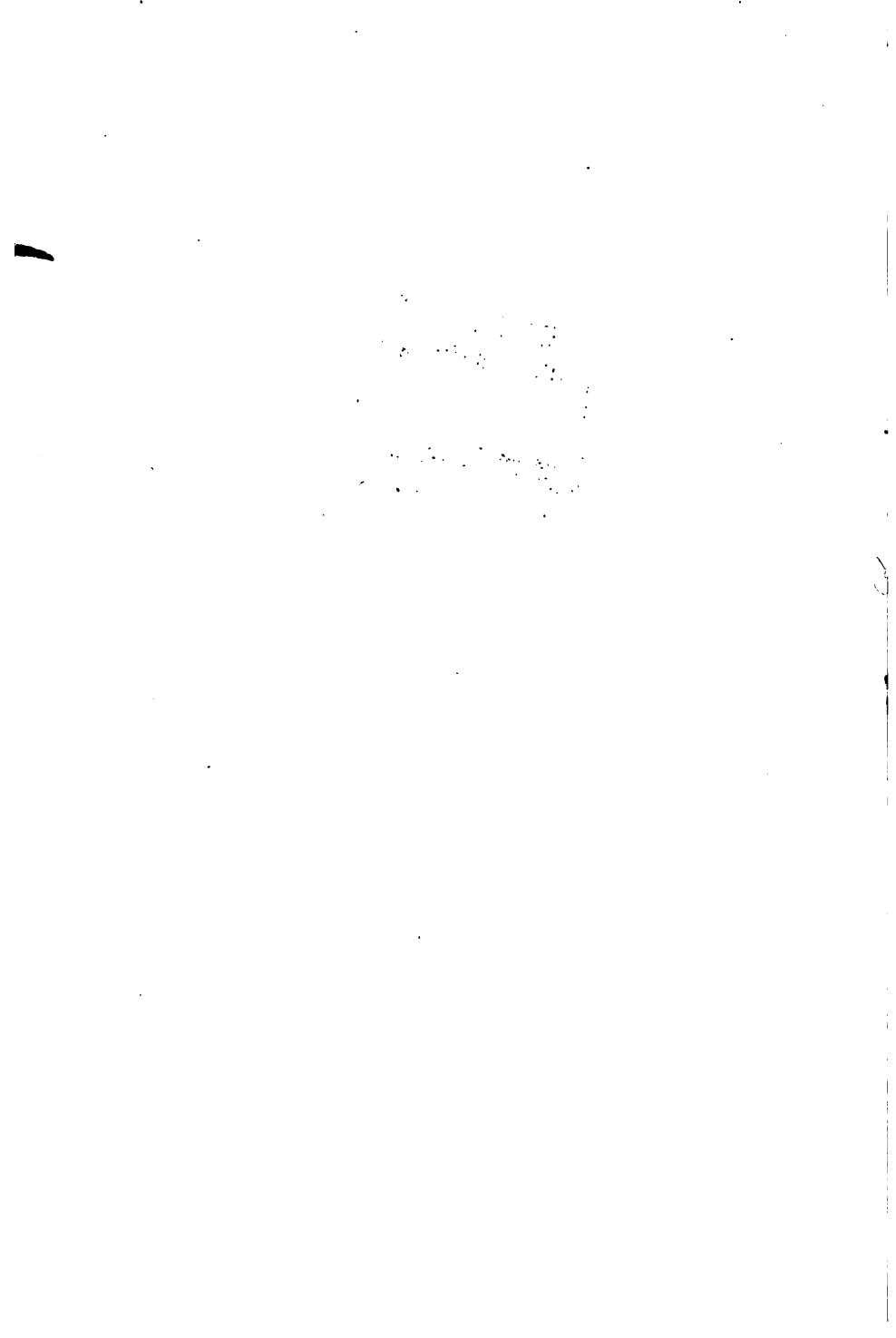


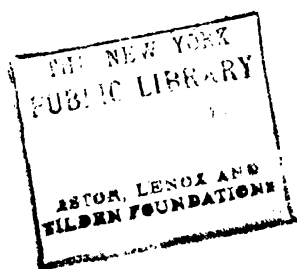
1. Art. Jeanne. d'



(12)

DIF







**Aunt Kate begins the story.**

Not in CD  
B/10.30  
CB  
C. 1  
P2

THE  
STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

*AS AUNT KATE TOLD IT*

BY

KATE E. CARPENTER

+

*ILLUSTRATED BY AMY BROOKS AND FROM  
FAMOUS PAINTINGS*

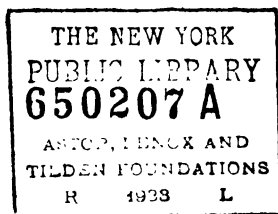
BOSTON:  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

1 1 2

L.C

NEW YORK  
PUBLIC  
LIBRARY





**COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY LEE AND SHEPARD.**

**Published August, 1902.**

---

***All Rights Reserved.***

---

**STORY OF JOAN OF ARC FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**Norwood Press  
J. S. Cushing & Co. — Berwick & Smith  
Norwood Mass. U.S.A.**

NOV 23  
1902  
V. 10. 11

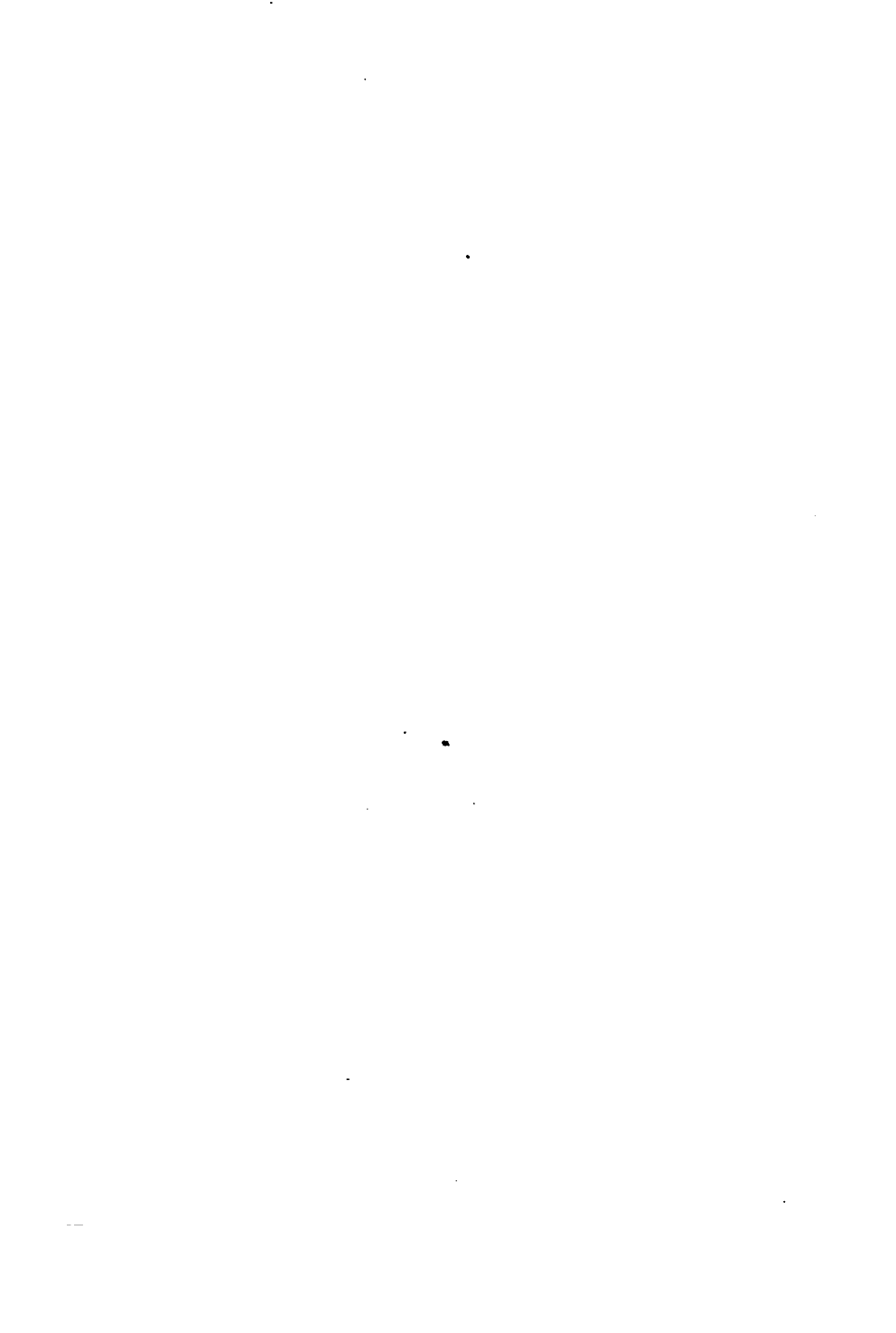
To

MY DEARLY LOVED NIECES AND NEPHEWS

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED BY

AUNT KATE

38X253



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
FIRST DAY . . . . .	1
SECOND DAY . . . . .	83
THIRD DAY . . . . .	71
FOURTH DAY . . . . .	110
FOURTH DAY — <i>continued</i> . . . . .	155



## ILLUSTRATIONS

AUNT KATE BEGINS THE STORY . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	PAGE
JOAN OF ARC AND ST. MICHAEL. ( <i>From painting by Bastien-Lepage</i> ) . . . . .	14
JOAN OF ARC MEETING THE SPIRITS. ( <i>From painting by Maillart</i> ) . . . . .	56
JOAN OF ARC WOUNDED. ( <i>From painting by A. de Neville</i> ) . . . . .	96
CAPTURE OF ORLEANS. ( <i>From painting by Le- nepveu</i> ) . . . . .	114
VICTORIOUS RETURN OF JOAN OF ARC TO OR- LEANS. ( <i>From painting by Scherrer</i> ) . . .	126
CORONATION OF CHARLES VII AT RHEIMS. ( <i>From painting by Lenepveu</i> ) . . . . .	146
LAST MOMENTS OF JOAN OF ARC. ( <i>From painting by Gabriel Max</i> ) . . . . .	182



# STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

## FIRST DAY

“**A**UNTIE, Auntie, hello! Wait a minute, please, till we come.”

Looking in the direction the shouts came from, I saw three merry-faced children bounding over the lawn toward me. Well I knew that my solitary ramble was over for that afternoon, and that I should be taken captive by the three dear tyrants. Who could resist their coaxing, pleading faces as they clustered about me and begged for a story?



2      *STORY OF JOAN OF ARC*

"You tell such nice ones, Auntie," said Bessie, putting her arms around my waist, and smiling in her own winning way.

"And if you will, I promise to be good for a whole week."

"Well, Harold, that is certainly worth a story. Now where shall we go?"

"Out to the summer-house," came in a chorus.

So, linking arms, we strolled over the beautiful green slope to the summer-house, which did indeed look attractive, nestled among a clump of trees and with the babbling brook just below.

"Well, my dears, what sort of a story shall it be?"

"A fairy tale. I like that kind best," suggested wee Marjorie, looking like a fairy herself, with her flaxen curls and eyes so blue.

"But," objected Bessie, "Auntie told us about fairies the last time."

"I have it," exclaimed Harold. "Don't you know a true story about some wonderful boy who went to the war and had lots of things happen to him?"

"I never saw such a boy as you are, Harold; you always want war stories."

"Never mind, Bessie, he has given me an idea; but instead of a wonderful boy, I shall tell you of a wonderful girl who went to the war and had lots of things happen to her."

"Then it won't be a true story," objected Harold; "for girls don't go to war, only as nurses."

"The one I shall talk about did, and not as a nurse, but as a leader of an army. Before I begin I wish, Harold, you would go back to the library and get the atlas and bring it here, so that we may find the places I shall mention on the map. That will help you to remember them."

"All right, Auntie, but please don't tell the girls anything while I'm gone. I wish it was going to be about a boy, though; I don't like girl stories much."

Off he went, whistling and turning a somersault every once in a while, which made us laugh as we watched

him. Hurrying back as fast as the big book he carried would allow, he had just breath enough left to say :—

“Here it is, Auntie. Now go ahead.”

“Thank you, dear; you did your errand very quickly.”

I put the atlas on the rustic table, open at the map of France. We drew our chairs around it, and I began.

“A great many years ago, as far back as the year 1400, England and France were at war with each other. The king of France, Charles VI, was crazy, and was kept shut up by his relatives, who tried to govern in his place. But they quarrelled so much among themselves and thought only of getting all the money they could out of the people, that the country

was just going to destruction, and England, taking advantage of the situation, was sending her armies over to France and doing her best to conquer the entire country. And, strange to say, there were some among the French who were traitors to their king, and who really wanted the invaders to succeed! Many parts of France fell into their hands, and as the years went by it seemed as though all must be lost. The poor, loyal people were in despair; there seemed no possible help for them.

“King Charles had a son, also named Charles, who ought to have tried to save his country, but he was too indolent and selfish to care; so he took himself off to a province where he

might be safe for a while, and where he had a castle, and there, with a few favored ones, he held his little court and enjoyed himself, while his still faithful subjects were doing all they could to drive his and their own enemies away. They were in a sad condition, and it seemed almost useless to make any further resistance."

"Couldn't the people go to the castle and make him come out and help them?"

"No, Bessie; kings and princes at that early day did about as they pleased."

"Now let us find Domremy. It is such a small place we will have to look very close to find it. Here it is, near the border-land between France

and Germany. In the year 1412 a little girl was born there whose name was Joan of Arc. Her parents were peasants, that is, just simple country people.

“When Joan was old enough her mother taught her to sew and to knit, and also to make herself useful about the house; but besides helping her mother she often watched the sheep out in the fields, for her father was a shepherd. So you see she was a busy little girl.”

“Didn’t she have any sisters and brothers to play with?”

“Yes, Marjorie; there were two brothers and a sister in the family, and they had many good times playing together, I am sure. I know

you will be surprised when I tell you that Joan knew nothing whatever about books. She never even learned to read and write."

"Why didn't her mamma send her to school?"

"For one reason, Bessie, there were no public schools such as we have in these days, and besides, the people did not value an education as much as we do now, especially in the poorer classes.

"Joan's home was on the main road, and it was the habit of the neighbors to gather there in the evenings, and sitting beside the open fireplace, to chat and gossip with her parents. Scarcely an evening passed that they did not talk about



the cruel war. The little girl, sewing or knitting over in the corner, listened to many a tale of suffering and misery; and very often men escaping from the enemy would come and beg for food and shelter, and would talk late in the night of how the English were taking their country from them!

“Many, many times the tender-hearted child would leave the room in tears, and, going up to her own little attic room, throw herself down on her knees and beseech God to send deliverance to them soon.”

“She was a good little girl, wasn’t she, Auntie?”

“Yes, indeed, dearie, she was, good and kind.

“She loved to go to church much more than most children do. The little church was so near her home she could go there very often; and when her friends missed her they were pretty sure to find her in the house of God, on her knees, praying. She grew very sad and thoughtful, and did not care so much about play now. Her brothers and the boys of the other villages often played at war, taking sides and having sham battles.”

“That was fun, too, Auntie, I know, for I have often done that.”

“It was too real for Joan; she never could bear to see them. She did not like even play fighting.”

“I don’t either, Aunt Kate; I don’t

see any fun in making believe kill each other," said Bessie.

"That's because you're a girl and don't understand such things," retorted Harold.

"One day word came to Domremy that some of their own countrymen who were on the side of the English were on their way there. Oh! how the dreadful news frightened the poor simple folk! The terrified farmers hurried about and got all their cattle together as quickly as they could, and bundled their wives and little children into wagons, and those who had no wagons had to walk, and fled as fast as possible to another town where they could be better protected from the invaders.

They dreaded their own people quite as much as they did the English, for they were every bit as cruel."

"Why didn't they stay and fight it out, and not run away like that?" exclaimed Harold, scornfully.

"Because, you fierce boy, the spirit of the people was almost broken, they had suffered for so many years; and there seemed nothing left to do now but run away whenever they got the chance. When it was certain that the foe had marched away the villagers returned. But, alas! what did they find? Most of their once comfortable little homes in ashes! and those that were not destroyed, stripped of everything left in them when their poor owners fled! Dom-

remy had never before been visited by the enemy, and so had escaped the real horrors of war; but now the little village was in ruins! Joan needed no one to tell her what war meant, for now she knew some of its terrors. She became sadder than ever, and her prayers were almost constant. Though only a child, she felt that the poor country was beyond all human help, and that unless God came to their relief all would indeed be lost."

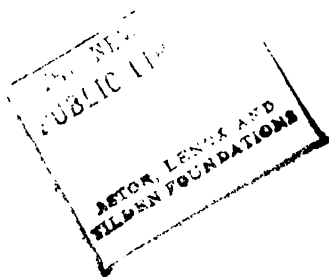
"You said, Auntie, that she went to the war?"

"So she did, but not just yet. Be patient, Harold, and I will come to that."

"All right, Aunt Kate, I'll be good."



Joan of Arc and St. Michael. — *From painting by Bastien-Lepage.*



“Now I must tell you of a very strange experience Joan had when she was about twelve years old. She was out in the garden all alone, when suddenly a bright light shone on the side of her little church. She looked at it in wonder. What could it mean? Then she heard a voice telling her to be a good girl and to keep on going to church. Here was a mystery indeed! Where did the voice come from? Could any one have come into the garden? She looked about to see, but, no, she was still alone. The strange light! That must be where the voice came from. And if so, God must have spoken to her. Yes, it must be that she had listened to the voice of her Heavenly



Father, and He had been in the wonderful light."

"Goodness! what did she do? Wasn't she dreadfully frightened?" asked Bessie, her eyes big with excitement.

"I can tell you what she did; she ran home just as fast as she could," broke in Harold.

"You are mistaken, my boy, for she did nothing of the kind. She was startled, of course, but she felt no fear. Believing, as she did, that it was the voice of God she had heard, she had no cause to fear. She longed to hear it again."

"I suppose she went home and told her mamma."

"No, Marjorie, it was all too strange

and beautiful; she told no one. But she thought often about it and continued to pray for the help they so much needed."

"Did she ever hear the voice again?"

"Oh, yes, very often. It told her that great things would happen some day, and to be of good cheer, for the Lord had not deserted them.

"But a day came when something even more wonderful than that occurred. Again when she was alone, but this time out in the fields looking after her father's sheep, she thought she heard her mother calling. She hurried back to the house, and was very much surprised when her mother told her she had not wanted her. She

was returning to the fields, when right before her appeared a strange white mist. She had never seen anything like it before. She stood still watching it, when gradually the mist cleared away, and behold! there were three figures, one a man, who appeared to be a soldier. In his right hand he held a great sword, while beside him stood two beautiful angels with bright crowns on their heads. How lovely and good they looked to the eyes of the astonished girl! Would they say anything to her? Yes, the warlike figure is speaking. He tells her that he is St. Michael and that the two angels are St. Catherine and St. Margaret, and that they have come to bid her always to trust in God, for He had

heard her prayers, and would, in His own good time, deliver them all from the hands of their cruel oppressors."

"O Aunt Kate, you are telling a fairy story, after all."

"No, my dear, I am simply relating what a very truthful girl said in after years that she had seen and heard."

"I guess, then, you can't say she was not frightened this time."

"Yes, I can, Bessie, for instead of being frightened she was greatly comforted, and longed for the good angels to take her away with them.

"It was very different in those early days, my dear. The people were extremely superstitious, — that is, they believed in all sorts of signs, and thought that both good and evil spir-

its visited the earth, and they even believed that witches roamed about who had the power to do all sorts of mischief. And fairies, too; they believed in them.

“Why, there was a large old beech tree at the edge of a forest near Domremy where the fairies were supposed to dance and frolic about. The old folks used to tell the little children how, once upon a time, a noble knight had dared to meet an elfin lady under the shadow of its great, dark boughs. On certain festival days the girls and the boys of the village would gather at the famous tree, which they called the ‘Fairies’ Tree,’ and hang it with garlands of flowers, and dance and sing about it. So you see, dear, a

vision would not frighten Joan as it might you or any other little girl of the present time."

"I don't see anything to be afraid of, anyway. A whole lot of visions would not scare me."

"You think you are very brave, Harold; but I guess if you saw a real one you would run as fast as I would," said Bessie, with a little pout and a toss of her head.

"Joan's voices talked more frequently with her now, and one day brought her a message that amazed her. What do you suppose it was?"

"Why, I think they told her that some great general was coming with a big army to kill all the English."

"No, Marjorie, not that, something

far more surprising. The word the angels brought was that God had chosen her, the little country girl, to free France from her persecutors!

“Well might Joan be frightened now at the task set her. She pleaded with them to select some one more worthy than she was, and older too. She reminded them that she was only seventeen, and did not know a thing about fighting. She begged to be allowed to stay at home and sew and knit as usual. She would always pray, but how could she go far away from her mother and father, and among all those rough soldiers? Oh! it was too dreadful to think of. Was there no one else to do the great work?

"St. Catherine spoke very kindly, but insisted that she must obey the heavenly command. The poor child submitted, but asked how could she, a young country girl, do what so many old and tried soldiers had failed to accomplish.

"St. Catherine promised that she should succeed, and told her to have no fear, for she and the good St. Margaret would always be with her to guide and direct her. The first thing she must do was to go to Vaucouleurs, a town near Domremy, and there go to see Governor Baudricourt and ask him to let her have an escort of armed men to take her to the Dauphin."

"Who was that, Auntie?"

"In France, Marjorie, the eldest



son of the king and also heir to the throne was called by that name. The poor old crazy king was now dead, and his son Charles was rightly the king, but as he had not been crowned he was still spoken of as the Dauphin.

“The ‘voices’ told Joan that it was important to have the coronation take place as soon as possible, as King Henry of England was also dead, and his followers had proclaimed his little son king of France as well as of his own country. She could now tell the great secret she had kept for so long. She went first to her parents, who listened in astonishment to the strange story she told, and were shocked and grieved when

she asked permission to begin the wonderful work given her to do."

"I don't see how they could let her go, do you, Auntie?"

"They did not give their consent, Bessie. They were angry that she should ask them to allow her to go among rough soldiers. Her father even went so far in his anger as to declare he would rather she were drowned, and if it were necessary he would do it with his own hands!"

"O Auntie! her own father wouldn't do such a dreadful thing as to kill her, would he?"

"No, Bessie, I can hardly believe that he would really have destroyed his own child. But we cannot blame her parents for wanting to keep their

young daughter from going away. They had not seen the visions nor heard the commands which Joan told them she had received, so could not understand it. It must have been very hard for such a good girl to disobey her parents, and to go far away from home and into unknown dangers without her dear mother's blessing. Yet her 'voices' were constantly urging her to 'go, go,' so she saw no other way than to leave secretly."

"Did she run away in the nighttime?"

"No, dear, a better way opened for her than that. An uncle, named Durant Laxart, who lived in a village near Vaucouleurs, heard her

story, and when Joan appealed to him for assistance he agreed to help her all he could. His wife was ill, so he proposed to take Joan home with him to make her sick aunt a little visit. Her parents readily consented, thinking perhaps the change would take her mind from the crazy plan of going to the war. Joan stayed but a short time at her aunt's, and then, accompanied by her faithful Uncle Laxart, set out for Vaucouleurs. They found a home with a kind, motherly woman, who took great interest in the brave young girl. She was timid no longer, but full of courage and enthusiasm for the work before her.

“ She and her uncle presented them-

selves to the governor as soon as possible. He listened in astonishment, as she told him about the angels appearing to her and all they had told her to do. But when the young peasant had finished the strange tale, and boldly asked for a company of soldiers to take her to the Dauphin, why that was too much, and he laughed outright."

"Now, I don't think that was very polite."

"No, dear, it was not; but the next minute he turned to her uncle and advised him to take her home at once, and give her a good sound whipping!"

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" came in a chorus.

"What a horrid man."

"I guess she wished she was home

with her mamma," said dear little Marjorie, who knew very well where she would have gone for comfort.

"Most girls would have been discouraged at meeting with such a reception, but Joan would not give up. She went to see the great man a second time — you see she was not one bit afraid of him — and told him she *must* have help to get to the Dauphin, and if he would not give it to her she would go all alone, and wear her feet off if necessary; but see the Dauphin she must, and very quickly too!"

"Well, I must say, she had lots of pluck."

"I do not think my girl soldier will disappoint you, Harold."

“Did the cross old governor say he would help her?”

“No, dear, he sent her away disappointed again. But this time he did not laugh at her, nor scold her. It soon became known why she was in the town. Many came to see her, and those who dared talked with her.”

“Why, what were they afraid of, Aunt Kate?”

“Well, they knew she claimed to be guided in all she was doing by angels sent from heaven, but they did not feel quite sure about that. It might be that evil spirits and not good angels were directing her, they thought. Among her callers was a young knight who was with the governor when she had her first inter-

view. He was interested in what he had heard, and came to ask her some more questions. She answered them all so fully and seemed to be so very much in earnest that he believed she was telling the truth, and he resolved to help her. He laid his hands on hers and promised to take her to the Dauphin. Then another young knight agreed to go. There were now two promised, but it would not be safe to travel through an enemy's country with such a small escort, so she must try again to persuade the governor to let her have more men.

“Here comes Mary, children, to call you to dress for dinner.”

“Oh, dear!”

“Oh, bother!”



“Can’t she wait a few minutes, Auntie, while you tell us quickly if Joan got the rest of the soldiers?”

“No, dearie, no more to-day. Think over what you have heard, and I will tell you more to-morrow. Now run along with Mary.”

## SECOND DAY

**W**HILE I was dressing the next morning there was a gentle tapping on my bedroom door, and a small voice saying:—

“Please, Auntie, may I come in?”

“Yes, dear,” I answered, “the door is unlocked, come right in.”

As Marjorie entered, I saw that something had gone wrong. There was a cloud over the usually sunny face.

“Why, dear, what has happened to chase the smiles away this morning?” I asked.

“Don’t you see,” wailed Marjorie,

"it's raining just as hard as it can?"

"So it is, but why should that trouble our little girl so much? We ought to be glad the rain has come, for don't you know the gardener said yesterday his garden was so very dry?"

"But then, you know, we can't go out to the summer-house to hear more about Joan, and Harold says he does not believe that that cross man would let her have any soldiers."

"That is the reason the smiles have hidden somewhere, is it? Well, we must try to find some other nice place, either in the library or on the covered part of the piazza. Run down stairs now, dear, and after breakfast we will talk it over."

Having finished breakfast, we looked about for a quiet spot, and selected a cosy corner of the library.

"Now, children," I said, "it would not do to sit right down to story-telling so early in the morning; we must all have some exercise first. The rain does not come on the piazza, so you can go out there and have a good romp, and when I am ready I will call you."

They soon forgot the little disappointment caused by the rain, judging from the merry shouts of laughter which reached my ears from time to time, and the sound of rapidly moving feet, which proved that they were taking considerable exercise.

When I went out to call them in, I

stopped for a moment to watch them. It was plainly seen that they were acting out the story I was telling. Bessie was Joan, and Harold made quite a soldierly looking St. Michael, with his helmet on his head and a sword buckled at his side. Just as I appeared wee Marjorie, as St. Catherine, with her arms outstretched and a white shawl hanging over them to represent wings, was whispering mysterious words to Joan. I kept very quiet so as to see more of the play, but they spied me.

“Oh, here’s Auntie,” all cried at once.

“Yes, children, I am ready now. Get your fixings off, and come to the library.”

After we were comfortably settled, our atlas on the table, I continued:—

“Now that two young knights of such high degree had shown their faith in Joan by promising to go with her, and the people were taking an interest in her and were talking so much about the hope held out to them, the governor thought he would better have another talk with the strange girl. But he did not feel quite sure what kind of spirits those were that had so much to say to her. She might be a witch, for all he knew. So, to be on the safe side and not run any risk of harm coming to himself, he took a priest with him, who could bid the evil spirits begone, if there were any.”

“Ha, ha, ha,” laughed Harold. “The

governor was afraid she would turn him into a hop-toad, I guess."

We all laughed at such a funny idea.

"Yes," said Marjorie, "because he spoke so cross when she came to him for the soldiers."

"Well, they found nothing to fear, and the governor at last agreed to let her have the men-at-arms she asked for. But he would only give her five, however, and nothing else would he do but to give her a letter to the Dauphin. He said if she *would* go, why, she must take the risk. They lost no time in preparing for the long march to Chinon. I will help you find that place. See, it is near the western part of France, and Vaucou-

leurs being so far on the eastern side, you can see how far she had to go."

"Did she have to walk all the way, Auntie?"

"No, Bessie; the good people of the town provided her with a fine, strong horse and everything needful for the journey. She had not been accustomed to riding and felt a little timid about it, but there was no other way. And then she had to think about what she should wear. Now that she was going to live the rough life of a soldier, a girl's dress would not be at all suitable. She knew that she would be exposed to storms and often have to sleep out on the open ground, so it was decided that she should wear



armor, just like the men, and indeed her 'voices' told her to do so."

"How funny," giggled Marjorie, "for a girl to wear men's things."

"It was, dear, but it was best. The heavy armor must have been very uncomfortable and hard to manage at first."

"What is armor, Auntie?"

"It is a covering for the entire body, made of metal, and put together in such a way that the person wearing it can move about. It was worn in olden times in battles as a protection against the spears and arrows of a foe."

"They have some fine ones at the museum, Auntie; I saw them a little while ago."

"I know they have, and when you return to the city, Harold, you must take your little sister there and let her see them.

"As the time drew near for the start, some of Joan's new friends urged her not to go. The enemy held that part of the country she would have to go through, for a long distance, and she would be in constant danger of meeting them. She told them she had no fear, as God would be with her. When all was ready the brave girl and her little band of seven, the two knights and the five men-at-arms provided by the governor, set out on the perilous journey."

"I hope she had a fight on the way!"

"How dreadful you are, Harold, when you know she is just learning to ride and is not used to being a soldier yet," said Bessie, indignantly.

"All right, Bess, that would be rather rough on a girl, so I take it all back," Harold replied, looking quite penitent.

"They had to use the utmost caution to avoid having a fight, travelling mostly by night, and hiding in the deep forests in the daytime. They kept away from the towns as much as possible. But the march was such a hard one, there were so many rivers to cross. It seems truly wonderful to me that Joan did not get discouraged and want to turn back. But the darling girl's greatest danger came right

from her own little company. They had not gone far before the men began to get nervous and dissatisfied, and to wish they had not come at all. The farther away from home they got the more frightened they became. Here they were, they said among themselves, taking great chances of being killed by the English. And, after all, perhaps Joan was just a crazy girl, or worse still, a witch, and might get them into some dreadful trouble. So they began to plan some way to get rid of her.

“‘Let’s throw her down one of these stone quarries!’ said one; ‘or leave her in the wood!’ suggested another.”

“O Auntie,” broke in Bessie, “those

two knights would not do anything so horrible as that, would they?"

"No, indeed; they would not consent to such treachery. They had sworn to take her to the Dauphin, and meant to keep their word if possible, and would have defended her with their own lives, I am sure. But even they sometimes wondered how it would all turn out."

"Didn't Joan herself ever feel afraid?"

"No, she felt so sure that God would take her through all the dangers and trials of the wearisome march safely that she felt no fear. And she was right, for in due time she reached her journey's end without harm. She stopped at an inn, and from there sent

the governor's letter to the Dauphin; and also the message that she had come all that great distance to help him, and asked for an interview. What must have been the poor, tired girl's disappointment when he refused to see her."

"Was he afraid, too, that she was a witch?"

"Not exactly that, Marjorie, but some of his followers at court had their own reasons for not wanting them to meet. They had heard all about Joan, and knew just what she was coming for; and they feared if she were allowed to talk with their prince she might make him feel ashamed of himself, and perhaps then he might want to do something for his suffering

people, and if he did, why of course they would all have to follow him. It was easy to persuade the Dauphin not to have anything to do with her. How did he know but it might be just a trick of the English to get him away and in their hands, they asked him. And, anyway, they did not believe that she could do anything but talk."

"What a shame that was, Aunt Kate, after she had come so far, too!"

"Yes, it was hard, for she was so anxious to get started on her holy mission. But her good 'voices' spoke with her very often and comforted her. They told her to wait patiently, for the time would surely come when the Dauphin would permit her to see him and tell her story.

“The people from far and near flocked to see the young girl who claimed that she had been sent by God for their relief. What sort of a person could it be whom angels came down from heaven to visit? They gazed at her in awe and wonder. She talked with them so freely and was so very much in earnest that she convinced those who came of her truthfulness. Fresh hope sprang up in their poor, sad hearts. The two young knights did all they could to induce the Dauphin to let Joan talk with him. Some of his old generals visited her and asked her many questions. They also had faith in her, and told the Dauphin he ought not to let such a chance for help escape.



“At last he consented, and word was sent to the waiting girl that on a certain day she might come to the castle. They planned a little trick to see if the spirits she talked so much about really did tell her true things. The Dauphin, dressed very plainly, stood back among the others of his court, while one of his nobles, richly attired, waited in the middle of the room to receive her.”

“Had she ever seen him, Auntie?”

“No, Bessie, so the test would be a pretty good one. Now how will she act? The gay ladies and fine courtiers were expecting her to make a mistake and address the false king, and there were some there who would be glad if she did. How natural to

think that the simple peasant would be dazzled by all the splendor of a king's court, and not know just what to do. But when she was led into the gorgeous room, different from anything she had ever seen, she was not one little bit confused, and without appearing to take any notice of all those looking at her, she astonished everybody by going straight up to the disguised prince, and kneeling before him, said: 'I am Joan, the maid. God has sent me to save France.' Even then, to try her further, the Dauphin told her she was wrong, and that the one she wanted to see was standing apart, and he motioned to the make-believe prince. Joan told him no, she

knew that *he* and no other was the Dauphin."

"How splendid that was; but I don't see how she could tell."

"Well, their little trick failed. Joan told him all about the visits of St. Michael and the angels and what they had commanded her to do. She assured him if he would only listen to her she would, with God's help, free the country of his enemies and crown him its lawful king, and that there was no one else on earth who could do it. But, she said, he must give her the control of the army! We cannot wonder that the Dauphin was astonished and could not at once agree to any such remarkable demand as that."

“Well, I know if I was a prince I would not put a girl at the head of my army.”

“No, Harold, you would take that place yourself, I am sure.”

“I guess I would,” he answered emphatically.

“In order to make sure that Joan’s strange voices did not come from some evil spirit, the Dauphin ordered a number of priests and learned men to have a long talk with her. Poor girl! she had to answer dozens of questions! And then messengers were sent to her home to inquire about her there. The long delay was so tiresome; she wanted so much to be up and doing. The persons sent to examine her were convinced that

she was a good and truthful girl and would have nothing to do with anything that was evil. So they reported to the Dauphin that no fault could be found with her, and advised him to accept her offer."

"Good! Now, my fine gentlemen, you will have to leave your life of ease and get out and do some hard work!"

"Do wait, Harold, and don't interrupt Aunt Kate so."

"All right, Bess, I won't any more; but it is such fun to have those counts and noblemen made to stir around."

"I can understand how you feel, Harold, and I too should be glad to see them forced to take up arms for the defence of their country.

“Well, there was no longer any reason why Joan should not be given a chance to see what she could do. They started to organize an army at once, which the Dauphin ordered should be commanded by Joan, and while his officers might assist her by their advice, when needed, they must all obey her orders!”

“Phew! I guess there was trouble then. I don’t believe old soldiers liked that; I know I would not.”

“They made no objection then, Harold, and as for the men, they were ready to follow her anywhere she might lead. There was no trouble in raising an army. Both old and young men hurried into the town to join the ranks of the new leader. All felt

fresh spirit and hope. For had not God pitied them and sent a deliverer? What busy days those were! Such polishing up of old armor which had grown dingy from not being used in so long, and sharpening of swords, and looking after the cannon to see if all were in good order."

"Why, Auntie, did they have cannon then?"

"I thought they fought with spears and arrows in those days."

"So they did, children, but they also had cannon. Of course they were very different from those in our armies to-day. You would hardly recognize them as cannon, they were so odd looking.

"While they were equipping the

army Joan also had to be provided for. The leader of a king's troops must have everything new and fine. The Dauphin had a handsome suit of armor made for her of silver."

"Oh! how lovely that was!"

"Indeed, my dear, it must have been. He also gave her a fine white horse. She had learned to manage a horse well, and was not at all timid about riding now."

"There, I have just thought, Aunt Kate, you have never told us what Joan looked like; was she beautiful? I hope she was!"

"Surely that was an oversight not to describe my heroine's appearance. I do not think she was beautiful, but she was pretty and had an attractive face.



Her eyes were very handsome ; they were large and dark ; they could look quite stern when she was angry, and then so soft and sad when she was grieved. Joan's hair was long and dark ; she usually wore it parted and drawn back, tied with a ribbon.

"She told them just how she wanted her banner made. It was of white satin. On one side was the image of God, seated on the clouds and holding the world in his hands, and on the other side were embroidered beautiful lilies."

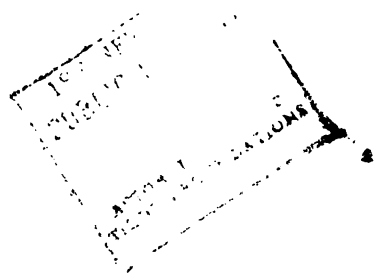
"Did Joan have a sword just like real generals ?"

"Indeed she did, Marjorie, and it was very remarkable how she obtained it."

"I can tell you how ; St. Michael gave her his."



Joan of Arc meeting the spirits. — *From painting by Maillart.*



"Do be quiet, Harold ; you know very well a spirit could not do such a thing," chided Bessie.

"All right, Bess, I'm as mum as a mouse."

"While the good saints did not actually give her a sword, the 'voices' had something to do with it. The Dauphin offered her one, but the saints had directed her to send to a certain church, and in a secret place behind the altar would be found a sword which had five crosses engraved on its blade. That was the one they desired her to carry all through the campaign, and on no account to take any other. Messengers were sent to the church, and sure enough, there was the very sword! It was quite

dull and rusty, but when it was all polished up it was as good as new. Now, the people were sure that good angels were guiding Joan, for that very sword had mysteriously disappeared a long time before, and although search was made for it, it could not be found."

"That was very strange, wasn't it, Auntie?"

"Yes, dear, very, indeed.

"Notwithstanding all the bustle and excitement of those busy days, Joan never neglected going to church as often as possible, and even required her soldiers to do the same. And that they were willing to, shows what a strange power she held over them, for those rough men were not

in the habit of paying much attention to religion.

“The young girl was shocked at the rough language many of her soldiers used, and that she soon put a stop to. There was one grim old veteran named La Hire who was noted for his profanity, and even he, a general, respected her wishes and tried his best not to swear. He would sometimes forget, but would feel sorry for it right away. So you see, children, though only a very young girl she was able to command the obedience and respect of the troops. The Dauphin provided her with two pages whose duty it was to wait on her and look after her comfort. Then she had two heralds.”

“Please tell me what heralds are, Auntie?”

“They were messengers, Marjorie. If Joan had any word to send to one of her officers, she would send it by a herald. Their place was near her, so as to be always ready when needed. Her two good friends, the knights, who had travelled with her to Chinon, were given positions of honor on her staff.

“What a stirring scene there must have been when all was at last ready for the army to move — the soldiers all drawn up in marching order, and at their head the wonderful girl clad in her glittering armor and seated on her great war horse! There was no sadness in those big black eyes now;

they were bright and full of fire, and her face fairly glowed with the joy she felt that at last the deliverance of her dear country was beginning.

“At her side rode a herald bearing the beautiful sacred banner, which as it waved in the breeze showed now the image of God and now the blue lilies of France. Old men felt young again, and weak-hearted ones strong once more, as they marched away amid the cheers and the waving of flags, of the women and children left behind.”

“Where was the Dauphin? Didn’t he go too?”

“No indeed, Harold, he was not ready yet to leave his comfortable castle and pleasures to brave the dan-



gers of a conflict with the English. I think he wanted to wait and see how his new leader got along first. We must now look for Orleans."

All heads bent over the map.

"I have it, Aunt Kate, and it is right on a river."

"Your bright eyes found it very quickly, Bessie. Yes, Orleans is on the north bank of the river Loire. The English had carried on a siege before that city for a long time. The inhabitants were in the greatest distress. It would be impossible for them to hold out much longer, for their food supply was running low and there was no way to get any more. They had sent repeatedly to the Dauphin for help, but were told

he could do nothing for them. It was very important that Orleans should be saved, so Joan's first work was to bring relief and try to raise the siege."

"I don't know just what a siege is like, Auntie."

"I will try to explain it, dearie. It sometimes happens that an army does not feel strong enough to attack a city or fort, but instead they surround the place they want to capture and stay there for days and days, hoping that in time the people will be forced to surrender, from not having enough food or water, or, as it often happens, from sickness breaking out. Do you understand, Marjorie?"

"Yes, Auntie, I do now."

“That was the way it was at Orleans. The young girl leader had a hard task before her, which had been given up long ago by the French generals. In those early days the people built great high stone walls around their cities to protect themselves from any enemy who might come to destroy them. In the walls were large gates through which the inhabitants could pass in and out. In times of war no one would be allowed to enter those gates without first proving to the keeper, whose duty it was to guard them, that they were friendly. As a further protection, deep ditches or moats, as they are called, were dug all around the outside of the wall, which could be

filled with water and so make it very hard for an attacking force to get over."

"But, then, how could the people themselves cross if they wanted to?"

"Bridges were built, which in time of danger could be lifted up or drawn aside."

"Oh, I know, something like a drawbridge."

"Yes, Bessie, that is the idea."

"Now Orleans had its strong wall, and being a large city, there were five gates in it. Besides the wall and the ditch, the citizens had built two strong forts where they could first fight, and then if defeated could retreat inside the city and close the gates.

"Now, children, at the time of my

story the English had beaten the French away from their forts and forced them back inside the walls. They went right to work and built several more forts, which they occupied, so you see the poor folk in Orleans were caught in a nice trap, and there was no way for them to get out."

"How grand Joan was to try to go there to help them."

"She was the right sort, I tell you."

"Indeed, my dears, there is no character in history to equal her. As she led her army through the different towns and villages the people thronged in the streets and greeted them with cheers. So great was the enthusiasm, that men who never ex-

pected to fight again left their work and begged to be allowed to go with them to the relief of poor, distressed Orleans."

"Did they know she was coming?"

"Yes, word had been sent that help was on the way. The citizens were eagerly watching for her. How very strange and mysterious it must have seemed that, when they were almost in despair, a young girl should suddenly appear who promised to deliver them from their enemies."

"Did the English find out she was coming?"

"Yes, Joan had sent the English commander a letter by one of her heralds."

"But she couldn't write," broke in Marjorie.

"She told her secretary just what to say, and he wrote it down. It was a long letter, calling on the English to leave at once; and not only to do that, but to give up all the other towns they had taken. She told them she had been sent by her Master, God, to restore the country to its rightful king, and if they did not all yield peaceably she would use force, and make such a noise as had not been heard in France these thousand years."

"That was the way to talk! What did they say to that?"

"Just as might be expected, Harold. They had no idea of obeying the commands of a peasant, and a girl at that.

They were furious at her daring to send them such a letter; and to punish her they kept her messenger, and even threatened to burn him.

“Now, my dears, I see that the rain has stopped. You have sat still long enough; so go out and have a good play time.”

“And you won’t tell us to-day how Joan got to Orleans?” cried Bessie, in distressed tones.

“I think you have heard quite enough for this time, and must wait until to-morrow for that.”

“Well, you are a dear, good auntie to spend so much time with us little folks,” said Bessie, as she threw her dear arms about me and nearly smothered me with kisses.



After each had bestowed a generous amount of hugs and kisses, I said:—

“Now, children, listen. I have a plan to propose; see how you will like it. If the sun comes out bright for the rest of the day so as to dry the grass, suppose we make a picnic for to-morrow—take our lunch and go out to the woods for the rest of the story?”

“That would be perfectly lovely!”

“Just the very thing.”

“You always think of such nice things to do, Aunt Kate.”

“I am glad you all like my plan. We will ask Bridget to make us some of her fine cookies.”

“Yes, and we’ll take lots of good things.”

“Indeed we will, Marjorie.”

### THIRD DAY

“**A**RE you nearly ready, Aunt Kate? John is at the door,” called Bessie from the foot of the stairs the next morning.

“Yes, dear, I will be down in a few minutes,” I replied. “Have Harold and John put the baskets in the wagon.”

When I came out all were busy stowing our lunch baskets under the seats.

“I think we have them all in, Auntie,” said Harold. “Just see how nicely we have packed them.”

I looked and then laughed to see

the big baskets, and little baskets, and boxes besides.

"Why, children," I said, "it looks as though we were taking supplies to some besieged city."

"I guess we haven't got too much, Auntie; you know how hungry we get in the woods."

"That is true, Harold, and I have no doubt but I shall eat my full share. I think we will put in a couple of rugs, also."

"Do you want the atlas?"

"No, Harold, I do not believe we shall get beyond Orleans to-day. Now all jump in." John touched up the horses and we were off.

It was a beautiful morning. The country looked bright and lovely. The

shower of the day before had washed the dust from the leaves of the trees which lined the road. The cows in the fields contentedly chewing their cud, turned their heads to look at us as we passed. A frolicking colt made the children cry out with glee as it poked its saucy face over the bars of the fence. And the corn, as its long, silky plumes waved in the gentle breeze, seemed to nod to us and wish us a happy day. All nature was as smiling and joyous as the dear children who kept up a continual chatter and merry laughter. John drove us as far in the woods as he could, and after unloading, left us, with instructions to meet us at the same place at three o'clock.

"Now, children," I said, "we must look about for a nice spot for our picnic. There is a lovely stream near here which will give us cool and delicious water to drink."

Gathering up our traps and numerous baskets, we started off to explore, but had not gone far when we came across a place which seemed just right for us. The brook was close by; and the ground in a little open space was covered with a thick bed of pine needles, which, when the rugs were spread out, made a most comfortable place to sit.

"Are you all ready?" I asked.

"Yes, Auntie, begin now."

"You remember seeing that Orleans was on the north bank of the river

Loire? Joan wanted to march straight up on that side and enter the city. But some of the strongest forts were there. Her officers thought it would be safer to approach the city from the south side, and so keep the river between them and the English. Joan assured them that they should pass the forts in safety, for her heavenly voices had told her so. But the captains did not have the same faith and courage she had, and while they did not dare openly to disobey her, they deceived her by crossing the river on a bridge some miles below Orleans. When they were in sight of the city Joan discovered the trick and was very angry."

"Well, I should think she would

be. How did the captains think they were going to get over right before the enemy?" exclaimed Harold, showing plainly the disgust he felt for those officers.

"You are quite right, Harold, and they saw their mistake, so there was nothing left to do but to send the main part of the army back to where they had crossed, and bring them up on the other side after all. To save time, it was arranged that Joan, with a strong guard, should try to get the supplies over from where they were. To take the attention of the English, some of the besieged made a show of coming out to attack one of the forts. After some little difficulty with the boats all succeeded in crossing, and that

evening Joan, mounted on her war horse, entered the city!"

"Hurrah, hurrah!" shouted Harold.

"That is what the poor penned-up people said when they saw her. There was the wildest excitement. She seemed to them to be an angel sent right down from heaven to lift them out of their misery. Men, women, and children crowded about her, trying to kiss her hands, her feet, and even the trappings of her horse. They crowded so close that one of the lighted torches set fire to the fringe on her banner. The citizens were nearly wild with joy. She brought them food, and cheered them with her kind words and promises of deliver-



ance. Joan would have begun the attack the very next day, but as you know, she had to wait for the rest of her troops to get there. In the meantime she sent two more letters to the English commanders, urging them to save bloodshed by going away."

"I would not let them off so easy as that."

"You see, Harold, the gentle girl did not want to kill any one,—all she wanted was for them to leave and go back to their own country. But of course they would not give up for a girl what they had so long been fighting for.

"She demanded the return of the first herald, and the last two also. The governor added a word that if

they did not send them back, he would kill all the English prisoners in the city. They returned all but one, with a very saucy message to Joan. She made one more appeal. She went up in a high place where she could be heard by the commander in the nearest fort, and called out in a loud voice for them to save themselves while there was yet time, and to do so quickly, for if they forced her to fight it would go very hard with them. They only laughed at her, and the commander shouted back that she would better go home and tend the cows."

"They were not very much afraid of her, were they?"

"Not yet, but they had cause to be

before long. When the rest of the army were nearing the city, Joan went out with a guard to meet them and escort them inside the gates."

"Didn't the English try to keep them from getting in?"

"No, Harold, strange to say they made no effort to prevent it. Joan's 'voices' said truly that they should pass without trouble, and they marched right by the fortifications and entered the city."

"That seems strange, Auntie."

"I do not think the English were very watchful, Harold. They had gotten careless, and could not believe there would be any trouble.

"That same afternoon, one of the French officers took some of the newly

arrived troops and went out to attack one of the forts. He had received no orders from his chief to do so. I think he wanted to get a little glory all by himself, but he very nearly came to grief. Joan, being tired from the march, had lain down for a little rest and had fallen asleep, when she was suddenly awakened by a great noise of shouting and confusion in the street. Up she sprang to inquire the cause, and when she was told of the attack her officious captain had attempted, and that he and his men were being driven back, she cried out, 'My arms! my arms! my horse! Oh, why was I not wakened?'

"Rushing down the stairs and out to the street, she sprang on her horse

and started off at a gallop! Then, remembering that she had forgotten her sacred banner, back she flew and took it from a page, who handed it to her from a window. On she rushed again and out to the gate, where she found her men almost in a panic. Shouting to them to have courage, and waving her banner, she ran among them urging them to go back!—not to yield! Seeing her and hearing her voice gave the soldiers greater confidence, and they turned about and followed her to renew the assault. The English from another fort now hurried up to reënforce their comrades; they now outnumbered the French. An alarm was rung in the city, and the rest of the army came pouring out.

A fierce battle raged for several hours. Both sides fought desperately. It was Joan's first battle, but she did not flinch, but kept right wherever the fighting was fiercest, cheering and encouraging her men, and the sight of the glorious girl, who seemed to take no notice of the dangers surrounding her, made them more determined to win. Wherever that banner led, they gladly and bravely followed. At last the English were forced to give way. The French won the day!"

"O Auntie! I just held my breath. I was so afraid Joan would be hurt," said Marjorie, with a little sigh of relief.

"It is wonderful how she should have escaped, for of course the ban-

ner told all just where she was. The fort was taken, and all the English found inside were put to death!"

"Dear, dear," exclaimed Bessie, "did Joan order that done?"

"No, Bessie, she was far too tender-hearted to have allowed it had she known it in time to save the poor fellows. After all was over the brave leader was just a girl again. She wept bitterly over the dead and dying all about her. A battle field was all so new and terrible to the sensitive girl.

"When the victorious army returned to the city there was great rejoicing. Bells were rung, flags waved from the housetops, and religious services were held in all of the

churches. All felt now that the days of their bitter trials were nearly over, and that the heaven-sent deliverer could do all she promised. They looked upon her with love and adoration. But outside, in the English garrisons, the soldiers had a very different opinion of her. They feared and hated her. They could not get over their defeat. It was so new and strange for them to be beaten! Only a wicked witch could have done it, they thought!

“The next day was a holy day in Joan’s church. She spent the most of it in prayer, and the army rested and prepared for the morrow.

“One of the five gates I told you were built in the great wall surround-



ing Orleans led on to a bridge which crossed the river. On the end of the bridge was a strong fort, and beyond that on shore were other fortifications, which would have to be taken before the one on the bridge could be reached.

“The people of Orleans had broken away the end of the bridge, which was connected with the city wall, so that the English could not attack them from that end. The troops were refreshed by the day’s rest, and early in the morning Joan led them to try to destroy some of the forts on the south side of the river. They crossed over on a bridge made of boats. Without waiting for all to get over, Joan started with those

who had crossed for an attack on one of the smaller forts. When she reached it she found the soldiers had gone to one of the bridge fortifications. She followed after as fast as she could. When she reached it she planted her banner against the wall and prepared for an assault. Just then the English from another fort were discovered hurrying up to help their brother soldiers. The French were frightened, and quick as a flash turned to fly back to the boats. The brave girl tried to rally them, but they had got started, and on they went. The English garrison, seeing their foe in retreat, rushed out to pursue them, laughing at them as they ran. That was too much for

the brave-spirited girl. She suddenly turned about, and with a few gallant followers, boldly charged down on the English, her black eyes flashing fire, and her hair flying in the wind! She struck terror to their hearts! It was their turn to run now. They turned before the angry girl and made for the fort as fast as they could go!"

"Why, Auntie, why did they do that when it was only a girl<sup>d</sup> after them?"

"Because they thought that girl was the witch of France. They could fight men and generally beat them, but when witches took a hand in the fight it was quite a different matter.

“On they rushed, Joan in hot pursuit. Again she placed her banner against the wall, and the rest of the troops now being with her, the assault was made. The English defended their position well, but were finally overcome and the fort taken. Joan ordered it burned. The English now began to lose heart. They had lost for the second time. They feared Joan more and more, and thought that somehow the French had gotten the powers of evil to help them.”

“I tell you what, Aunt Kate, it’s just wonderful to think you are telling a true story.”

“Indeed it is, Harold, and the more we think over it, the more wonderful it all seems. Joan was so coura-

geous, so earnest, and yet gentle and womanly."

"I was so afraid she would be wounded this time I didn't know what to do."

"She escaped so far, Bessie, but the time was near when she would suffer the agony of a wound."

"O dear, I hoped she never would be hurt," sighed Bessie.

"And strange to say, Bessie, she knew of it beforehand, and told of her presentiment."

"I say, Auntie, suppose we try some of those chicken sandwiches? The ride has given me an appetite."

"I'd like to know, Harold, if there ever was a time when you didn't have an appetite," said Bessie, laughing.

"Yes, when I'm asleep," he retorted.

"Your suggestion is a good one, Harold," I said. "I too feel a little hungry, so we will each have a sandwich before I go on with my story, and you can take the pitcher to the brook, and bring us some nice cool water."

We found the sandwiches exceedingly good, and when we had finished our little repast I proposed we should roam about for a while.

"Come, Marjorie," said Bessie, "let us look for some wild flowers to dress the lunch table with."

"I guess you mean table cloth, for there won't be any table," she replied, laughing.

"Of course not, Marjorie, we will

spread the cloth on the ground, but we can put our flowers on it just the same."

We wandered about for half an hour. When the children returned they had quite a supply of pretty flowers, and their arms full of lovely ferns.

"Now all settle down," I said, "and I will continue.

"Joan and some of her officers returned to the city for that night to rest and plan for the next day, when the hardest work of all would be done. She left the main part of the army on the other side to be ready for an early attack on the second fortification near the bridge. That evening she told one of her attendants to keep near her

in the next day's battle, as her blood would flow!"

"I don't see, Auntie, how she could go with the soldiers when she knew she would be wounded."

"It was because she thought more of her great work than herself.

"Joan rose early that morning, and after going to church and praying for success for her army, she rode through the city accompanied by her captains, and followed by a crowd of citizens, who were to help in the coming attack. Every man would be needed, for that day would probably decide the fate of Orleans.

"When they had joined the army on the other side, Joan put herself at its head, as she always did, and led it



to an assault on the fortification before the bridge. A wide ditch was before them! Into it the brave fellows leaped, and swarmed up the sides to reach the fort, while cannon fire and arrows were showered down on them from above! Again and again the French troops charged and were driven back! The English were making the fight of their lives, for if they lost now they would lose Orleans! Joan cheered and encouraged her men, telling them not to fear, that the place would yet be theirs. At last, to give them greater courage, she sprang down in the great ditch, and seized a scaling ladder, which she put against the side of the ditch and was climbing up, when an arrow struck her in the

shoulder, and she fell bleeding to the ground!"

"Poor, dear Joan," said Marjorie, the tears shining in her sweet blue eyes.

"It's too bad she was wounded, but it was good they didn't capture her," said Harold.

"I suppose now she had to give up and go back to the city."

"No, they carried her to a place of safety, and the poor girl pulled the dreadful arrow out with her own hands! She was faint and somewhat frightened, but in a little while her strength and courage returned, and after her wound was dressed she joined her troops again. They had made no headway, and were feeling

discouraged. The captains told Joan they wanted to retire and try again the next day."

"That would be a silly thing to do!" exclaimed Harold. "They ought to keep pegging away at them."

"So thought their commander, and she urged them not to give up. She entreated them to have more courage, and promised them in God's name they should enter the fort very soon. They knew they had always won when they listened to Joan, so they agreed to fight on. Joan ordered her soldiers to rest and refresh themselves with food and drink. She mounted her horse and went aside to pray, for a few minutes. When she returned and gave the command to renew the at-



**Joan of Arc Wounded.** — *From drawing by A. de Newville.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS  
LIBRARY

JOHN H. LEONARD AND  
FELIX FOUNDATION

tack, all were ready. She told them to watch, and when her banner touched the wall to go in, as the place would be theirs. The French fought furiously, and when they saw the wind blow the sacred banner against the wall, the excited fellows rushed madly up the ladders, which were raised by the sides of the ditch in all directions, and made a desperate assault on the fort itself.

“While all this fierce fighting was going on at one end of the bridge, the citizens left in the town had taken planks and beams and placed across the broken end, and were crossing to attack the English from that side. The English general, seeing how close he was being pressed, ordered all to

go in the big fort which was on the bridge. He led the way, when suddenly a great bomb from the city struck that part of the bridge where they were walking, and broke it; down in the river the general and many of his officers and men fell!"

"Were they drowned, Auntie?"

"Yes, dear, their heavy armor carried them right down."

"I feel sorry for them, don't you, Auntie?"

"Yes, Marjorie, and so did Joan; it made her cry.

"Now that their leader was gone, those left in the fort soon gave up. The broken part of the bridge was repaired, and the wonderful girl and her victorious army marched in tri-

umph across it, as she said she would do, and entered the city!"

"Hip, hip, hurrah!" the children shouted, and for a few minutes the woods rang with their noise.

"The citizens were now nearly crazy from joy. Bonfires blazed all over the city. Bells pealed out from every steeple, flags were flung out to the breeze; everybody joined in the rejoicing, which was kept up until a late hour that night.

"At an early hour the next morning the English left the other forts very quietly, and marched toward the city and formed in line of battle. But the careful watchmen in the towers saw what they were up to and sounded an alarm, which brought the French



soldiers on a run from their different quarters. The whole town was soon astir. The faithful young commander came galloping up to join her troops. Away they went boldly, through the gates to meet the foe!

“The two armies stood facing each other. Before giving the order to advance to the attack, Joan called for a camp altar and desired her priests to offer up prayers for their success in the coming conflict. The army in front of them seemed stunned, and did not offer to open the battle. Just as the little service was finished, Joan asked some one to look and see if the English were still facing them, or if they had turned their backs toward them. They had indeed turned their

backs toward the French, and the entire army was making off just as fast as it could go. Flames burst from the forts, which they set fire to as they passed. The French were eager to rush after the fast disappearing soldiers and destroy them, but Joan would not listen to it. She had no wish to kill them; all she wanted was for them to go away, and surely they were obliging her by doing so in double-quick time."

"He, he, ha, ha," laughed the children.

"They found out that the country girl could do something besides tending cows."

"They did indeed, Harold, to their sorrow."

“What do you suppose frightened them so, Aunt Kate?”

“I do not know, unless they thought she was getting ready some sort of magic when she held that little service. Anyway they were gone.

“The happy people rushed here, there, and everywhere, scarcely knowing what they were doing in their great excitement. They were saved! saved at last! Every bell in the city pealed forth its joyous tones. Flags waved from windows and housetops. It was a day of triumph for the true, courageous girl. But, nevertheless, she did not forget that thanks were due to her God for their deliverance. And she required that all should follow her to the cathedral and give

thanks and praise to her Heavenly Master. Soldiers and citizens formed a great procession and crowded into the cathedral. From there they marched all around the city wall singing and rejoicing. In one short week their enemies had been destroyed or driven away and their fair city saved. And by a girl, too! little more than seventeen years of age. It is no wonder that they fairly adored her."

"Now you see, Harold," cried Bessie, triumphantly, "a boy could not have done better than that!"

"You are right, Bess, and not half so well. Joan was certainly a wonderful girl," Harold replied.

"From that famous victory, Joan

has been called 'The Maid of Orleans.'

"I think it is about time we had our luncheon, children. Bessie, you can spread the cloth, and then you and Marjorie set out the things. Harold, you can go to the brook for another pitcher of fresh water."

"I say, Aunt Kate, do you like roast corn?" asked Harold, with a little twinkle in his eye.

"Indeed I do," I replied; "but what made you ask that question?"

"Oh, because I have a little surprise for you and the girls. I just brought along some fine big ears, and I'm going over to that rock there and build a fire and roast them."

"You have given us a splendid

surprise, my dear boy. So that accounts for some of those extra baskets, does it?"

"I shouldn't wonder if it does," he answered, as he went off whistling a gay tune, with his basket on his arm.

The girls went merrily to work. They decorated our tablecloth with the pretty wild flowers and ferns they had gathered.

"Just look here," exclaimed Bessie, in a surprised tone, "cook has made us some lovely tarts, and she never said one word about them; now wasn't she good?"

"Let me see, Bessie," and Marjorie peeped into the basket and clapped her hands at sight of the unexpected dainties.

We had to wait a little while for Harold to bring his corn, but were well repaid, for he proved to be an excellent cook. The corn was roasted skilfully and made a fine addition to our feast. We were all pretty hungry and did full justice to all the goodies spread before us. After that came the clearing away.

"Come, Marjorie, let us throw all these pieces and crumbs where the dear little birds and squirrels can get them," suggested Bessie, who loved the little dwellers of the wood.

"That is right, children," I said, "and then our little friends will welcome us when we come again. I am glad we have some nuts for the squirrels."

We had been so happy and the time had passed so rapidly that I was astonished on looking at my watch to find it was nearly time for us to meet John.

"Come, dearies," I said, "we shall have to hurry, for if we are not at the road when John comes, he will think something has happened to us and will be worried, and he could not leave his horses to look for us."

We gathered up our rugs and baskets which were now filled with flowers and ferns, and set out toward home. We found John just driving up as we came out on the road. We had a jolly drive back. My small companions were happy and gay, and



kept their eyes wide open for things of interest along the road.

"I tell you what, Auntie," said Harold, "I think this has been the best day of all. Don't you think so, girls?"

"Yes," they exclaimed at once, "it has been just perfectly lovely."

"I am glad, dears, you have enjoyed it so much. It has been a very pleasant day to me also."

"I should think, Auntie, you'd be glad when we go home, we bother you so much."

"No, indeed, dear Bessie," I made haste to reply, "I shall miss you all more than I can tell. Why, the big house seems so still and deserted after you all leave it, I hardly know

what to do with myself. So you see you do not 'bother me' one little bit, but it is a great pleasure to entertain you, dear children."

Mary was on the piazza waiting to take charge of the children. Harold had the privilege of driving the horses around to the stable with John. I could hear Bessie and Marjorie chatting all the way upstairs, telling Mary all they had done that day.

#### FOURTH DAY

“**A**RE you going on with the rest of the story to-day, Auntie?” asked Bessie at the breakfast table the next day.

“Yes, dear, I think I can finish it this morning,” I replied.

“Where shall we go this time?”

“I thought we should all like to go back to the summer-house. What do you think about it?”

“It’s a good place, Aunt Kate, for you began the story out there and it would be nice to end it there.”

“I like it, too,” assented Marjorie.

“Well, I will meet you down there

at ten o'clock," I said; "that will give you time for a good play, and for me to write some letters."

As I started across the lawn the children came out from the summer-house to meet me, but instead of coming with a bound as usual, they approached in the most demure and dignified manner. I could not imagine what had come over them. They stopped in front of me, and Harold, with a sweeping bow, said: "We have come to escort the champion teller of stories to her bower. Will you graciously accept my arm?" He offered his arm in truly gallant style, which I accepted in the same spirit.

"The two attendants will please walk behind," he continued in a very

grand tone of voice. I caught the sound of a giggle as the "attendants" dropped back of us. When our small procession entered the summer-house I was amazed and delighted. It looked as though some of the Domremy fairies had been at work there.

"It is beautiful!" I cried. The chair Harold led me to was a bower fit for a fairy queen. They had managed to make a frame of some kind high over the back of the chair, like a canopy, and this and the chair itself were twined with green branches and made bright with roses; and from the number, I think my rose garden must have been left pretty bare. They had put cushions in the chair and a stool for my feet. Bright

blossoms peeped here and there through the vines which covered the house. The table looked more like a green mound than a table, so prettily had they covered it with green branches and garlands of flowers.

"You dear children," I said, "you have brought me to fairyland. How did you get so much done in such a short time?"

"Your humble subjects worked lively," answered Harold, with another bow.

"Well, you have made an enchanting place for us to spend the morning in. I see you have remembered to bring the Atlas, so if my subjects will kindly be seated I will proceed with my story.

“Joan having kept her promise and saved Orleans, the next important move was to crown the Dauphin. She knew it ought to be done just as soon as possible. She did not want to give the English time to get over the effects of their great defeat, so the very next day she returned to the prince to talk over her plan to march on to Rheims.

“My subjects have placed me so that I cannot very well help them with the map, but they will have no trouble, I think, in finding Rheims,” I said.

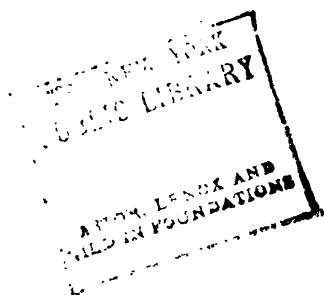
“That is very easy to find,” said Besie, and all looked where she pointed.

“You see, children, it is quite a distance northeast from Orleans, and



Capture of Orleans. — *From painting by Lenepveu.*





still farther away from where the Dauphin was."

"Why did he have to go to Rheims to be crowned, Aunt Kate?" Marjorie asked.

"Because it was the custom for all French princes to go to that city for the coronation, which took place in a cathedral and was always attended by all the lords and bishops and grand ladies of the court.

"The Dauphin came part way to meet Joan, and when he saw her he raised his hat to her as though she were a queen. As she knelt before him he raised her from the ground and spoke kind words to her. He was feeling very happy over her success, and wanted her to come to his

court; and he would have showered all sorts of honors upon her. But that was not what she had come for. She told the Dauphin that now was the time to push right on to Rheims.

"You would have supposed, children, that he would have been only too glad to have marched right away, but he hesitated."

"Didn't he want to be a real king?" Bessie asked, in surprise.

"Oh, yes, he wanted his crown, but he did not care to go to any very great trouble to get it, or run the risk of any injury to himself in going after it."

"Well, I think I'd just let him whistle for his crown, if I'd been Joan!" And Harold looked as though

the Dauphin would not have received much help from him.

“But you must not forget, my dear boy, that there was a little foreign prince trying to get that very crown, and if Joan did not succeed very soon in placing it on the head of her own native prince, France would have an English king over her.”

“Yes, that makes a difference, of course.”

“The same followers who tried to keep Joan from coming to court in the first place, now urged the Dauphin not to leave. They reminded him of the great dangers of such a journey; they were thinking of themselves too, I guess. Rheims was in the hands of the enemy, and while they had been

driven away from Orleans, they were still strong in many other cities and towns in that part of the country the Dauphin would have to march through. The weak prince listened to his wicked and cowardly advisers and did not know what to do. Joan pleaded and begged him to come with her. She said she would surely take him in safety, and as he still hesitated, she told him that there was very little time left for her to help him in, as she would last only a year longer."

"O dear, dear, she isn't killed in any of the battles, is she?" asked Bessie, in a distressed tone.

"I must not get ahead of my story, dear. She felt that something would happen to her before very long, and

she was so eager to finish her great mission before it was too late. Even then the Dauphin would not say he would go. One day she threw herself on her knees before him and begged him not to heed the bad advice of his followers, but to trust himself to her. Her heavenly voices were urging her to 'go on,' and she knew he would get through without harm. The Dauphin could not resist such earnestness, and at last agreed to go to Rheims.

"But when the matter was talked over, it was thought best for Joan to go ahead and drive the English from that part of the country. She was willing, and hurried to get the army in shape again. Then she led it back

to Orleans. She intended making that city her headquarters. The citizens were delighted to have her among them once more, and gave her a hearty welcome. When the campaign was all planned out, Joan at the head of her army again marched through the gates; but this time to attack a city.

"Children, look along the river Loire southeast from Orleans and you will see Jargeau."

"We have it, Auntie."

"The English held that town and the French army went forth to take it from them. The English came out to meet them, and it seemed at one time as though the French would be driven back. But the brave girl leader seized her banner and rode to where the

fighting was the hottest, and shouted to her men not to give way, but to press forward. Her fearlessness caused them to make a greater effort, and after a while the enemy was forced to retire within the city. Now a siege was planned. The French worked hard night and day, but before they had finished their arrangements for a siege, word came that the English general was on the way with more soldiers to help their comrades. Some of the French now became alarmed, and wanted to go back to Orleans. Joan reminded them that God was still with them and would help them now, the same as at Orleans. She kept them together and decided to begin an assault at once, before the



reënforcements could get there. The English commander in Jargeau, seeing what was going on, asked for a truce for two weeks."

"What did he mean by that, Aunt Kate?"

"He meant, Marjorie, that Joan should stop all fighting for that time."

"Yes, and then the other soldiers would have a chance to get there. I guess he didn't fool Joan."

"No, Harold, he did not. She ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and the troops came hurrying up from their different quarters. There was hard fighting on both sides. There was a ditch here the same as at Orleans which the French had to get

over. They threw in broken ladders, pieces of wall, old fence rails, and anything they could get to help fill it in so they could cross easier. Their fearless commander was always in their midst, and if ever they felt like giving up, the sound of her strong voice saying encouraging words, and a sight of her sacred banner would give them heart again, and on they would go.

“The assault had gone on for several hours when the English general asked to have a conference with Joan, that is, that they should talk it over, and try to come to some sort of terms about settling the matter without any more fighting. Joan had some time before offered to allow him

to leave the town in safety if he would surrender. Now she must have guessed that he only wanted to gain time, for she refused to meet him and ordered the assault to go on."

"She was smart there, Aunt Kate. Of course he would like to keep her talking until his friends came up."

"Joan knew that they must work hard and take the city quickly. With the banner in her hand, she leaped down in the ditch and mounted a scaling ladder, shouting to her men to follow her, but as she neared the top a great stone came down upon her and hurled her to the bottom!"

"Oh! I hope she was not killed." And sweet Marjorie's eyes filled with tears.

“No, dear, she was not killed, but when the English saw her fall they thought she was, and shouted for joy. Up she sprang in a moment, her great black eyes flashing in anger, and called upon her men to rush upon them. And rush they did, crowding up the sides of the ditch like wild men. Their attack on the English was so fierce and determined the city could hold out no longer, but was forced to surrender.”

“Goody, goody!” and the children clapped their hands over the fallen foe.

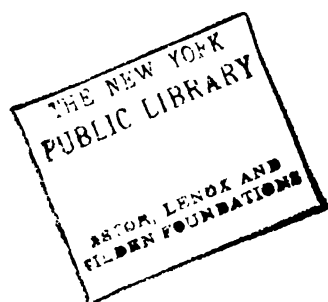
“Many of the garrison had been killed, and all the others were made prisoners. Another triumph for the Maid of Orleans. The next day Joan

and her victorious army returned to Orleans. They were received with cheers and congratulations on their success.

“After a few days’ rest, the command was given to ‘forward march!’ The next town they went to was poorly defended, and offered only a slight resistance before it surrendered. Had they held out a little while longer they would have had help, as two English generals were on their way to their relief; but before they reached the town they heard of the surrender, so they marched away again toward the north. Joan followed after, hoping to overtake and destroy them. But she did not know just which way they had gone, and as the country was very



Victorious return of Joan of Arc to Orleans. — *From painting by Scherrer.*



wild and woody it was hard to march. Some of the French officers thought it was very foolish to try to find them, and advised going back."

"It seems to me, Auntie, those officers were always wanting to go back!" Harold exclaimed. "I should think they would have made Joan angry."

"It was hard work sometimes to keep them moving forward and not backward. She refused to listen to their foolish talk, however, and said if they would ride on, they would yet meet the enemy. Her 'voices' would guide them right, she was sure. Turning to one of her generals, she asked him if he had good spurs. Another, hearing the strange question, asked



if she expected them to run when they came up with the English. She answered them 'No,' but that the fight would go against the English, and they would need their spurs to pursue them as they ran away. All her brave talk did not make her captains feel sure of the wisdom of advancing when they could not tell where they might find the enemy. They had taken strong towns under Joan's leadership, but it was quite a different matter to meet an enemy in an open field. Joan knew how they felt, and she was anxious and excited. She told them they must fight, and even if the English were 'hung to the clouds, they must have them.' The timid ones were overruled, and the army continued its

search. They finally, upon the edge of a wood, came upon the enemy they were looking for. The advance guard of the French began a fierce attack on the English rear, and put it to flight. Joan now came up with the main body of her troops, and a pitched battle followed. She was glorious!

“ Although this was a new kind of warfare to her, she kept right near her soldiers wherever the hardest work was to be done. The English held their ground stubbornly and well, but the French were gaining on them. The English army was in two divisions. The leader of one division withdrew his troops to go to the aid of the other division, which was being hard pressed. But the poor fellows

whom he wanted to help did not understand the move and thought it was a retreat. They became frightened and off they scampered, and the French after them. Surely, they did need their good spurs. One of the English generals was taken prisoner, and nearly the entire army was destroyed or captured. It was the first pitched battle the French had won in eight years, and of course there was great rejoicing, especially as their own loss was very small. But the excited victors committed many acts of cruelty. Joan was grieved and indignant. She saw one of her men strike down a wounded prisoner. She instantly sprang from her horse, and lifted the poor fellow's head, and com-

forted him until he died. She was just the tender-hearted girl again as she always was after the frightful battles were over."

"Don't you believe that made the people love her all the more?"

"I certainly do, Bessie, and it makes us who read her history, so many years after all those sad days, love and respect her too.

"Joan now returned to Orleans to review her troops and to meet the Dauphin, whom she expected to find there. The inhabitants had made great preparations to give him a royal welcome, but he disappointed them all. Again he had listened to the counsels of his favorite courtiers and remained away."

"Why, Aunt Kate, I think he was crazy like his father."

"He could hardly be called crazy, Harold, but weak and ease-loving he certainly was, and readily followed the advice of those who pleased and flattered him. The man who was his favorite at this time was altogether dishonorable and selfish. He looked out entirely for his own interests, and would try to keep the Dauphin from doing anything which might interfere with his plans."

"I suppose all the people heard about what had happened to the English?"

"Oh, yes, Bessie; the news soon spread all over the country, and caused many of the French who had gone

over to the English to come back to their lawful king; and made the English tremble and fear Joan, or the 'witch' as they called her, more and more."

"I wonder what her father and mother thought now?" asked Marjorie.

"I think, my dear, they must have felt very proud of her; and of course they understood her better now than they did when she first astonished them by her strange story."

"I guess her father was glad he didn't drown her."

"Indeed, he must have been, Marjorie. Her two brothers were with the army now, so she must have been happy to hear news from home."

"How wonderful it all must have

seemed to her brothers to see their own sister on a great war horse and ordering her army about. Oh! I just think it was grand." Bessie's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

"No one doubted the young girl now. She had proved herself a great leader, and even some of her old officers, who had sometimes been afraid to follow her advice, felt confidence in her wisdom. The public enthusiasm was great, — recruits kept coming in, and the army grew very large. Again Joan went to the Dauphin to plead with him to come with her to Rheims and receive his crown; and again he hesitated."

"Why, what excuse could he make now?" asked Harold.

“Well, he thought it would be better to wait a little while longer; he was not quite ready to go yet. Joan knew well how dangerous it was to wait. At any time the little English prince might be crowned instead of the Dauphin. The poor tired girl was so disappointed that she broke down and cried.

“At last the Dauphin yielded, and promised he would go. Joan got her army in marching order in pretty quick time.”

“I guess she hurried up so the Dauphin couldn’t change his mind.”

“Very likely, Marjorie. She sent letters off to the citizens of several towns inviting them to come to the coronation; and yet the Dauphin de-



layed the start. More councils were held and some advised waiting until Joan had destroyed all the towns and forts still in the hands of the enemy, while others agreed with Joan that they would better march right off."

"Do you know, Aunt Kate, I don't see how Joan kept her temper, king or no king."

"Well, Harold, she did begin to show impatience. She left the town with most of her troops, and encamped in the fields at some distance off. I think that helped to stir these slow courtiers up, for the Dauphin at last joined his army and set off for Rheims."

"If I'd been Joan I would have kept pretty close to him, so he

couldn't run away." Bessie was in earnest, but we had to laugh.

"Some of the smaller towns they came to on their march opened their gates at once to them, but when they reached Troyes and demanded that city to receive its lawful king, the people refused.

"Children, look east from Orleans, a little south, and you will come to Troyes. You will notice it is not as far south as Jargeau.

"The army was now moving northward. Troyes had quite a strong force to defend it, and they decided to resist the French. They wrote to other cities having English soldiers and asked for reënforcements. They called Joan a witch in their letters, and said

they would fight her hard. When the one they named 'Witch' came before their walls they bravely met her, but were soon driven back into the city. As long as they would not stay out and fight, Joan ordered a siege of the town. The army was not very well provided with the necessary tools, but they did the best they could and stationed themselves around the city, and hoped to make the people surrender. But after a few days, food for the army grew scarce, and as there were no signs of the garrison in Troyes giving up, some of the captains thought it best to stop the siege and go away. They knew very well that Joan would never consent to that, so they and the Dauphin held a secret

meeting to talk it over. Joan heard of it, and went straight to them and asked to be admitted. They had to tell her now that they were planning to retire. She looked at the Dauphin and asked him very earnestly if he would believe her. He replied that he would be glad to believe her. Then she told him that if he would stay before Troyes for three days longer, the city would be his. One of the company said they would be willing to stay for six days, if they could only feel sure. She told them to have no doubts, for if they would all work, they should have the city the very next day. The meeting had taken place in the evening. When Joan left she asked all the officers to follow her.

She mounted her horse and went right to work to get things ready for the assault."

"What! at night-time?" asked Bessie, in surprise.

"Yes, there was no time to lose, and much of Joan's success came, I think, from her acting quickly. The soldiers went to work with a good will. They gathered up everything they could find to help fill in the ditch, and dragged the cannon in to the best positions, and were as busy as could be nearly all night. Joan went about from place to place, giving orders and directing the work."

"Could the people inside the city see what they were doing?"

"Yes, indeed, they could, and were

in the greatest excitement over it. I do not believe many slept in the city that night, knowing what was before them.

“Very early the next morning she drew her army up to begin the assault, but as she was about to give the signal, behold! the gate of the city opened, and out came the bishop, some of the officers, and several citizens. They asked to see the Dauphin. He received them kindly, and was glad to hear that they had come to surrender the town. The Dauphin agreed to allow the garrison to march away, and to take their property with them.”

“Well, that was an easy victory, I must say!” exclaimed Harold.

"Yes, it was, so far as not having to fight for it, but it was gained by the wisdom and quick action of the girl leader."

"She always knew what to do, didn't she, Auntie?"

"Joan had a wonderful way of doing things, Bessie, and if her wise counsel had been heeded oftener I think all would have been much better off.

"When the English were marching out of Troyes, Joan noticed that they were taking some poor French prisoners with them. She stopped them and demanded the release of the Frenchmen. But the soldiers said the prisoners were their property, and the Dauphin had given them

permission to take their property away. But Joan insisted on their leaving the prisoners, so the Dauphin paid the soldiers a small sum of money or ransom, as it is called, and the poor fellows were saved.

“The next day the Dauphin left Troyes, with Joan in full armor riding at the head of his big and happy army. The citizens of the next town they came to were wise enough to meet them and bid them welcome. Here Joan met some of her old friends from Domremy. How good it must have seemed to her to see familiar faces from her own home once more! But it was all so strange to the plain country people to see the young peasant girl they



had known so well in Domremy, and had so often seen out in the fields caring for her father's sheep, and making herself busy about her simple country home, — now a commander of a king's army, and going among princes and all the grand nobles of the court. Her friends asked her if she did not sometimes feel afraid. She replied that the only fear she felt was of treachery.

“The last part of their long march to Rheims was now begun. The Dauphin sent messengers on ahead with letters, bidding the people to yield to him, and promising to treat them kindly. At the same time the English leaders wrote to them begging them not to open their gates to

the Dauphin, and promising to send more soldiers to help them. While they were thinking which would be best to do, word was brought to them that Charles, with Joan and a great army, was nearing the city."

"I guess that settled it, didn't it, Auntie?"

"Yes, Harold, they sent a committee out to meet them, and to offer obedience to their prince. The Dauphin, followed by his court, entered the city his faithful young leader had been trying for so long to reach."

"I guess she felt very happy now."

"There can be no doubt of it. Nevertheless, she did not waste a moment in thinking about it, but began at once to make preparations

for the coronation which she had determined should take place the very next day. Everybody was up and busy early the next morning, for it was to be a great day. The town was gay with flags and streamers in honor of the royal visitor, so soon to be made a very king indeed. At the appointed time a great procession moved through the streets of Rheims toward the cathedral. With the Dauphin were princes, knights, and noble ladies of his court, all gorgeously attired, and greatest of all, his wonderful girl leader, triumphantly happy, carrying her sacred banner, — behind her the army. The citizens, all decked out in bright holiday clothes, joined in line. When



Coronation of Charles VII. at Rheims. — *From painting  
by Lenepveu.*



they reached the cathedral where the bishop and priests awaited them, the Dauphin took his place at the foot of the altar, and there right beside him stood Joan; in her hand she held the banner she loved so well, and which had been with her through all the storms of battle."

"How proud she must have felt, Auntie!"

"Yes, dear, she had every reason to feel proud and happy, for at last her great mission was about finished. She had kept every promise and was going to give France a king. The ceremony was a long and impressive one. The bishop anointed Charles with holy oil which was kept for such occasions. Prayers were said and the

hard-won crown was placed upon his head. He was now Charles VII, king of France. Joan threw herself on her knees before him with tears of joy streaming down her face. All eyes in that great cathedral were upon the young girl, and many shed tears through sympathy."

"Now I hope he will be a true king."

"You must not expect too much, my dear boy. Just a crown would not change him, you know.

"Charles raised Joan to her feet, and in his gratitude told her to ask of him anything she wished, and indeed nothing she could ask would be too much, for he owed his kingdom to her. Now, Bessie, what would you have asked for?"

"Let me see. I think I would have liked a castle to live in — a big one so that mamma and papa and you, Auntie, and all the rest could come too. Then I would want horses and carriages, and — oh, yes, a diamond necklace. I'd just love to have a diamond necklace!"

"Nothing mean about you, Bess," said Harold, laughing.

"You, Harold, would want something a girl would not think of, I am sure, so I will pass you by and Marjorie can tell us what she would have asked for."

"I would just say, Please, King Charles, let me go home to my mamma right away, for I never, *never* want to fight again."



All laughed at the dear child's simple request.

"Well, Marjorie," I replied, "that was exactly what poor, tired Joan desired. She did not care for the king's presents, but wanted permission to leave the army and return to Domremy. She had finished the work the heavenly voices had set her to do, and would be so glad to go back to her parents and take up her old life again."

"I suppose the king let her go."

"No, Bessie, he refused to part with her just yet. There was still more fighting to be done, and he was afraid if Joan was not with the soldiers they would lose their courage and would fail. The faithful girl

would not disobey her king, so she remained. A great pleasure awaited her. She saw her father and good Uncle Laxart after the ceremony. They had been in the cathedral and had seen her in her triumph. It must have seemed like a dream to the father to see his daughter, who had been brought up and lived like the other maidens of the village a quiet country life, now standing before that vast crowd at the side of Charles, king of France. The town showed every respect and attention to her relatives; it paid all their expenses, and when her father started for home a horse was presented to him.

“After the coronation the king rewarded his followers in different

ways. He had a medal made for Joan, with her face on one side, and on the other a hand bearing a sword. She had one little favor to ask, and that was that her native village, and another one near by, might be freed from paying any more taxes. The king granted it at once, and for about three hundred years afterward the people of those two villages were not asked for any money for the government.

“Joan now wanted to advance on Paris.”

“We know where to find that city, Auntie.”

“Yes, being the capital, you will have no difficulty.”

“O pshaw! here comes Mary again,

Aunt Kate, and you have not finished yet."

Bessie was right. The maid was coming toward us.

"It must be lunch time," I said. I looked at my watch and found it was. "Why, yes, children, it is time we were going up to the house."

"What shall we do, Auntie?" asked Bessie. "You know mamma is coming to-morrow, and we must hear the rest of the story."

"We can come back here after luncheon if you would like to, and I will finish it then. I thought I would reach the end this morning."

"You dear, good Auntie, that will be just the thing," and Bessie threw her arms about me and gave me a hug.

“Come on, girls, I’ll race you up to the house,” Harold called.

They took his challenge and off they flew as though they had wings on their feet.

#### FOURTH DAY — *Continued*

“**W**ON’T we have lots to tell  
mamma when she comes?”

And Marjorie’s eyes sparkled at the prospect of seeing her dear mamma so soon.

“She will be delighted to find her little girl so fat and rosy,” I said, as I gave the bright round cheek a pinch.

“I can hardly wait until to-morrow,” Bessie said. “We will all go down to the train to meet mamma, won’t we, Auntie?”

“Yes indeed, dear,” I replied. “We must all be there to give her a jolly welcome.”

So we chatted through the luncheon, and afterward we walked around the garden a little and returned to our places in the summer-house, and I went on with my story.

“It seems to me that had the French marched boldly on to Paris right after the coronation, they could have taken the city with very little trouble. But no, there were more delays, and of course the longer the attack was put off, why, the better it was for the English. It would give them a chance to bring over more soldiers from home, and the army would recover in a measure from its fright caused by its many disasters, and the great disappointment all felt at not being able to prevent the crowning of Charles.”

“What did they wait for, Auntie?”

“Well, the king had an idea that he might be able to get them to give the city up without fighting if he offered certain inducements, so he sent a letter to one of the leaders offering to make good terms if he would get the others to agree to open the gates of Paris to its lawful king. But all the good that the plan did was to delay an attack and give the English an opportunity to strengthen their positions, which you may be sure they did. While Charles was waiting for an answer to his proposal, he went about visiting different towns and villages. Everywhere they went the people gave their king and the maid an enthusiastic welcome. They let



down the drawbridges and gladly opened the gates to the royal visitors. All looked bright and hopeful for the newly crowned king. But then, there was Paris, the stronghold of the enemy, still unconquered! That fact did not seem to trouble the easy-going monarch very much, but it made Joan feel very anxious. She knew very well the importance of bringing that city back to the king. While on this pleasant visiting tour, the long-looked-for answer to Charles' letter was received."

"I guess those English generals were not going to give up quite so easy."

"You are right, Bessie. The answer they sent was so defiant and insulting

it made King Charles very angry, and he knew that there was nothing to do but to fight. So the army was turned toward Paris."

"I think Joan must have been glad to get to work again."

"She was, indeed, for Paris must be taken or the good work would not be finished.

"It was a march of triumph for the wonderful girl. The country people flocked to look at her. They wanted to see Charles too, but Joan had the first place in their hearts. She had won the love of her countrymen everywhere. They sang pretty songs about her, and had little images made of her and put up in their churches. Medals were made in her honor and worn by

the grateful people. She could not move sometimes on the road for the crowds pushing and trying to get near enough to kiss her hands and feet, as was done at Orleans. Some of those in high circles were jealous of all these honors showered so freely on the young girl.

“Of course they found the English expecting them, and quite prepared to resist them. They were strongly entrenched outside the city, but as the French army approached, they made no effort to prevent their coming. Their scheme was to stay in their strong positions, and force Joan to begin an attack on them; but she felt she was not strong enough, and was too good a soldier to risk too much.

So she tried in many ways to induce them to come out and fight. Once she rode right up to their intrenchments and challenged them, but it was of no use; they would not take the challenge. Then again she pretended to be retreating, as though she had given up, and hoped the English would be deceived and would pursue them. But the wily old English general was not going to be caught in any such trap, so that plan failed also. While they were trying to think of some other way to bring them out, the English retired inside the city. The citizens of Paris were in a great state of excitement and fear. The English had been busy for a long time frightening them with all sorts of false stories. They

made the people believe that, once King Charles entered the city, he would destroy them all because they had been false to him; and they told them Joan was a very wicked witch who ought to be burned; and that it was all untrue — the stories they had heard about saints and angels helping her; that her help only came from evil spirits, and if they let her come in she would do all kinds of dreadful things.”

“What a shame that was, when she was so good to everybody!” said Bessie.

“I can see, though, why they did that. They wanted to make the people afraid, so they would help fight.”

"That is just it, Harold, and the citizens of Paris were ready to resist their own king to the utmost; even the women were eager to help. The French army withdrew, and a council was held. Should they attempt to carry the city by an assault or not? Joan said yes, the king no."

"Do you know, Aunt Kate, what I would have done?"

"Let us hear, Harold."

"Why, I would just have taken the troops and gone off to Paris without asking the king any more."

"Well, Joan felt she must act independently if she were ever to get into Paris, so she suggested to one of her most trusted generals that they should advance and make an attack on the

city. It was a bold move, but the general was as anxious as she was to go forward. They got their forces together, and marched toward Paris once more. Joan thought it would help them to have the king with them, and sent messengers back to ask him to join them; but he refused. After a while, however, he consented to come as far as St. Denis, which was near Paris, but refused to go any farther.

“Paris was guarded by two great ditches. Joan and her brave followers succeeded in getting through the first one, but found the second one filled with water. What was to be done now? They might all be drowned if they attempted to cross! Joan, perfectly fearless, stood on the

ridge of ground which separated the two ditches, and called for a lance. She seemed to be unconscious of the arrows and stones which were being showered down upon them from the city walls. She put the lance down into the water to see how deep it was. It was far too deep for them to think of crossing, so she ordered the soldiers to throw in the fagots and fence rails, and all the odds and ends which had been brought in wagon loads for that very purpose. There the brave girl stood directing her men and urging them to make haste, when a cruel arrow struck her, and she fell to the ground badly wounded. Another one at the same time struck her standard-bearer, killing him at her side. She



lay there on the ground and, notwithstanding the intense pain she was suffering, spoke words of cheer and encouragement to her men, telling them to keep right on, to push ahead, and victory would be their reward. They fought long and well, but the task was a hard one and seemed almost too much for them. At last one of the weak-hearted officers came to Joan and told her it was of no use to continue the fight, as they were making no headway, and he thought they might as well give it up."

"It was too bad she was wounded. I know if she had been up with the soldiers they would not have given up."

"The poor girl implored him not to despair, that they *must* take the

city. He refused to go on, and said he would order a retreat. She fairly begged him not to, and said surely in a little while the tide would turn and victory be theirs. But he would not listen to her, and soon the trumpets sounded for the retreat. Joan was almost beside herself; she frantically clung to the ground and declared she would not go! But what could the poor child do? She was wounded and helpless. They lifted her up and carried her away with them, and she kept saying: 'It could have been taken! It could have been taken!'"

"But why did she let the general order a retreat? Wasn't she at the head of the army?"

"Her position was very different

now, Harold, since Charles joined his troops. She did not have the same control and, as I have told you, there were many who were so jealous of her they would gladly prevent her from winning any more glory. Her wounds were dressed that night, and the next morning she was able to be about. She set right to work to plan another attempt to capture Paris."

"I tell you what, if the king and his generals had been like Joan there would not have been much left of the English!" exclaimed Harold, excitedly.

"Well, she talked the matter over with the general who so willingly helped her before, and it was decided to make the attack on an entirely

different part of the city ; but in order to do this they would have to cross the river Seine.

“ You see, children, Paris is on that river.

“ That fact did not trouble them very much, for this same general had a short time before constructed a bridge where they would want to cross. Bravely and hopefully the army was again led forth. What do you suppose happened now ? ”

“ Perhaps the king had Joan arrested for going without his consent,” suggested Harold.

“ No, not that ; but when they reached the place where they expected to find the bridge, behold ! there was no bridge there ! ”

"Why, where did it go to?"

"I suppose the English came out and broke it down."

"You would never guess, my dears, but it is said that King Charles ordered the bridge destroyed."

"Well, well," said Bessie, "I just wish he would go back to Chinon and let Joan alone."

"He did go back to Chinon, but he took Joan with him. She did all she could to prevail upon him to remain where he was, for of course it would show great weakness to go away before the enemy was fully destroyed; and besides, he would leave all that part of the country open to them again. But her pleading was of no avail; go he would. He was tired

of army life and wanted to get back to the comforts and pleasures of his court. Joan made another appeal to be allowed to go home. So long as he would no longer carry on the campaign against his foe, why she thought she might as well retire from the army. And oh! how much misery and suffering the poor, loyal girl would have been saved had she been allowed to return to Domremy!"

"Then something does happen to her, after all?" said Bessie, anxiously.

"Yes, dear, her greatest trials were yet to come. The ease-loving monarch made double-quick time in getting back to his safe retreat. Naturally the army was disheartened, and many of Joan's brave and faith-

ful followers left it and scattered through the country."

"I tell you what, Aunt Kate, that King Charles just makes me mad!" and Harold's expression was indeed wrathful.

"It makes me feel indignant, too, Harold, every time I think of it. There was no excuse whatever for his going away. He ran the risk of losing all that Joan had so magnificently won for him. He kept her at court nearly all that winter idle. I suppose she would have enjoyed the gay life, as any young girl might, if she had not felt so anxious about the country. Again and again she asked permission to carry on the war, but all sorts of excuses were made.

And all this time those towns which had opened their gates to Charles were suffering from the hands of the English again. They were severely punished for their loyalty to the king. Demands were constantly coming to the court for help. Even Rheims, where Charles was crowned, was in great danger, and the citizens wrote to Joan and begged her to come to their relief. But what could she do? She had no army now to bring to them. Their distress weighed heavily on her heart, and one day she started off with a few trusted followers and never returned."

"O dear, I suppose now you are going to say she was killed!"

"No, dearie, she seemed to bear a



charmed life in battle. With her little band she journeyed northward toward Paris once more, giving a helping hand wherever she could. On one of her marches she heard that Compiègne was threatened; instantly turning about, she hurried to give what aid she could.

“Look, children, north from Paris, and a little toward the east, and you will find Compiègne.

“The English were getting ready for a siege. The people were in terror. The Maid reached the city very early in the morning and set right to work to prepare to drive the dreaded foe away. As soon as they had Joan with them, the people felt more courage and put themselves under her

leadership. But she did not have a great army at her command now, so she could not feel so sure of success. She was just as courageous and eager, however, and worked hard to get her little force in shape for an attack.

“Late in the afternoon she led it out and made a bold charge on the enemy and drove them far back. The English sent off in hot haste for reënforcements. Joan now had but a handful compared to their number, but they fought on bravely. Suddenly the French saw that they were in danger of being surrounded and cut off from the city. In a minute the poor fellows were in a panic, and off they rushed across the bridge which led to the gate, crowding and push-

ing to get in. The heroic girl tried her best to rally them, but it was of no use; they could think of nothing but of saving themselves. And now our heroine showed the most surprising amount of courage and generosity. When she found she could no longer hold them, she turned, and with the rear guard tried to beat back the crowding enemy so that her men might get in through the gate. In that struggling mass of French and English, for they were so mixed one could scarcely tell friend from foe, she fought her way to the city gate, but alas! only to find it closed!"

"Oh, Auntie, you don't mean that she was left outside!" exclaimed Bessie, with a look of horror on her face.

"It was only too true. The gate was shut tight and she was helpless, surrounded by her bitter enemies, who hated her. She did not yield without a struggle, but while resisting those in front, a man got behind her and dragged her from her horse, and carried her away a prisoner."

"How dreadful to be captured," sighed dear little Marjorie, her eyes moist with tears ready to fall.

"Yes, dearie, it was, and the saddest chapter of Joan's history begins right here."

"You don't think anybody shut the gate on purpose, do you, Auntie?" asked Bessie.

"It looks like it to me," Harold quickly rejoined.

“I can hardly believe it possible, children, that there could have been found a person in the city wicked enough to have done such a cruel, cruel act. But still, Joan had enemies, even among her own people, so we cannot be sure just how it happened. And the man who captured her was a Frenchman! — one of those who had joined with the English against the king.

“She was treated kindly at first, though guarded closely so as to prevent an escape. But she was not going to be kept a prisoner if she could find any way of getting out. Once she managed to lock her jailers in a room, and tried to get through a place she had broken in the wall, but

was discovered and taken back. They then confined her in a high tower, but there again she made another bold effort to escape. She knotted strips of cloth together and made a long line; this she put out of the window with one end fastened to something in the room. Just think, she was sixty feet from the ground! But she could not stop to think of the dizzy height nor dare to look on the cold stones below. There was no other chance but through that window. In desperation she crawled out and started down the slender line! It was not strong enough to hold her weight, but soon broke, and down she fell on the pavement below with a crash!"

“O my! how dreadful!”

“Did it kill her?”

“No; when the guards rushed out to her they thought she was dead, but she was only unconscious when they picked her up. Strange to say, she was not seriously injured.”

“Poor, poor Joan!” said Bessie, with a sigh of sympathy.

“The English were determined to get her in their own power, so they offered a large sum of money to her captors, which was accepted. She was deliberately sold to her deadly enemy.”

“But of course the king will bring a big army and break down the prison and take her away,” exclaimed Bessie, hopefully.

“King Charles never made the slightest attempt to rescue her; he did not even take the trouble to send her a kind message. Not one word did she ever hear from the prince to whom she had given a kingdom.”

“Why, Auntie, I don’t see how he could have been happy one minute while she was in such dreadful trouble.”

“Nor I, Bessie. I do not like to think that any one could be guilty of such ingratitude. The English took good care she should not escape from them. They put her in an iron cage, and chained her to it just as though she were some wild animal. The poor, friendless girl was entirely at their mercy. She had no one to comfort or



advise her. Her cruel captors plotted and planned how they could destroy her. They did not want to kill her outright, for the people might then feel sorry for her, and turn against her murderers; so they fixed up a scheme to try to prove to all that she never had any visits from saints or talks with angels, but that her power had all come from some magic art, and if they could prove that, why, no one would object to her death. Those in control held what they called a trial, but which was altogether unfair and unjust. They tortured the poor, weary girl with all sorts of foolish questions, hoping to make her say something which would sound wicked, and then they could say to the people



**Last moments of Joan of Arc. —***From painting by  
Gabriel Max.*



‘ See, we were right ; she is a witch,’ and then they could condemn her to be burned.”

“ No, no, Auntie, they would not do such a wicked, cruel thing as that !” the children cried in alarm.

“ Yes, my dears, in those days when a person was suspected of using some magic power to injure others, their punishment was burning, and if the people could be made to believe that Joan was guilty of doing so, no one would object to her suffering that cruel death.

“ It is far too sad a chapter to dwell upon, my dear children. The scheming judges made it appear as though Joan was a very wicked young person, but of course every word was false,

and they condemned the innocent girl to be burned at the stake!

“Joan went bravely to her cruel fate, and with her sad eyes fixed on the cross a kind priest held before her, and murmuring a prayer, her spirit went to dwell with the God she worshipped and with her beloved saints.”

AUNT KATE.



2/2

